

THE ART-UNION.

PAINTING
SCULPTURE
ENGRAVING
ARCHITECTURE
&c. &c. &c.



EXHIBITIONS
FOREIGN ART
PUBLICATIONS
PROGRESS OF ART
&c. &c. &c.

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ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART. PART 2.

In our article under this title, in the last number, we said that Painting and Sculpture were to all other civilised nations their grace and their ornament, before they were anything better to Britain than her shame and her reproach—her shame and her reproach, because, more wealthy and powerful than other nations, she neglected to adorn and embellish herself with the graceful and the beautiful, as all other civilised kingdoms had done, and allowed herself to continue barbarous and unpolished—the wonder and the scandal of Christendom. This is easily proved. Between the year 1300, when Cimabue began to shine, and the year 1576, when the brilliant sun of Titian set, the arts of painting and sculpture shot up to giant stature in Italy, and a nobler empire than that of Romulus, which was of the sword, namely, an empire of the mind, arose in Rome. During that period schools of Art sprung up and prospered in every city in Italy. They seemed inclined to stop at the number of the Apostles; but a flattering thought occurred to a priest, and a thirteenth school, which accepted the Pope for its patron, was instituted. The least distinguished of all these Italian schools, produced works of a higher and a diviner aim and reach than any school in any other country. The genius which they displayed was of the poetic and the historical order; and their productions were, one and all, stamped with an ideal beauty of form, which they imitated from the marbles of Greece, and a divinity of sentiment, which they found in the religion of Jesus.

The example set by the little kingdoms and little republics of Italy had an influence on more extensive states. Germany, indeed, to this day, disputes with Italy the merit of the revival of Art; but she cannot pretend to the better merit of loftiness and grandeur, and must allow that the schools of Florence, Bologna, and Rome surpass her, as well as all others, in epic splendour of composition; that the school of Sienna excels her in poetic lustre; the school of Naples in vivacity and fire; and the school of Venice in the glory of colouring. With her, however, that eminent band of engravers originated, who have diffused over the world, in a light and graceful form and way, the glories of Painting, and made millions who never saw the chief works of the great masters, familiar with their compositions, and enabled them to see the glories of Raffaele and the sublimities of Michael Angelo. Spain, charmed with at least the gloomy part of the character of Italian painting, established schools and sent out scholars, and aspired to the scrip-

tural grandeur of the Florentine and Roman masters. But she failed in the calm majesty and tranquil elegance of those she followed,—she approached, and did not reach them; but her aim was high and her compositions commanding. France was early in the fields of elegance and beauty; but her loveliness was really of the fields: she produced landscape painters of the highest order; but in her historical compositions she never reached the elevation of Italy. She had a fine sense of form, and a mind that desired to excel in the historic, but her power of expression was not equal to her other powers. The school of the Netherlands mixed the business of courts and camps with devotion; and, though less ethereal and godlike than Italy, was as gorgeous and magnificent in composition and colours. There was much of the grossness of this earth as well as of its grandeur, which told that religious loftiness of thought had descended a little, and that self-love, the patron of the too numerous schools of portraiture, had commenced its reign. This was the first step downward from the sublime; and for a while the wide flutter of the robes and the summer-like hue of the fine colouring concealed it; but the Dutch school descended many steps all at once; and, disregarding religion, poetry, and history, the beauty of the ideal and the lustre of the imagination, consecrated, with a skill truly wondrous, and in colours worthy of sublimer fancies, the most ordinary occurrences of rustic life, and some of them neither very delicate nor decent.

All these schools—and there are a dozen and a half of them—were founded by individuals it is true, but they were supported and endowed by cities, by principalities, and by kingdoms. In general, the monarch of the land where they sprung was the patron who supplied suitable chambers for study; proper galleries for exhibiting pictures and statues; salaries for the professors: supported the students during their probationary studies; and employed the most eminent in the embellishment of their palaces, chapels, and galleries with works of a national character, embodying fine passages in history, in poetry, and in religion. This was not all: several of the princes, reflecting how much external circumstances influenced the human mind, placed at once, by the grant of a modest pension, most of the higher artists above all fear of want, and thus enabled them to think more about the glory of their art than about their dinner, which rises too often, we fear, to the thoughts of those whom fortune compels to work for the fleeting interest of the hour. The taste of the monarch and of the government had its influ-

ence with the people at large; when they saw the arts cherished and honoured, and statues and paintings in esteem with the lofty and the titled, they joined in the esteem and the admiration; and to this cause, perhaps, the love and the delight must be imputed, with which all foreign nations look on fine works of Art. Such was the encouragement and patronage which continental states extended, centuries ago, to their Schools of Art; and such is the encouragement and patronage still in all states and nations, except our own, which have either government or revenues. The King of France is a munificent patron of the Fine Arts: so is the Emperor of Russia; so was the late, and, we believe, the present King of Prussia; Germany honours all her sons who are eminent either in art or in literature—one of the little kingdoms of that land, to which, in point of wealth, Kent is an empire, bestows more in one year on genius, than Britain bestows in a whole reign.

All these schools of Art were established before the English school was thought of, and the English school would never have been thought of, had not the enthusiasm of a few artists conceived, and established, and endowed the Royal Academy, which should have been founded and endowed by the nation. Something like a glimmer of taste appeared early, we have said, in our isle: our primitive church, and our princes, now and then, encouraged painting and sculpture as well as architecture; but no such thing as a national school was thought of; our works of Art—such as they were—came chiefly from the hands of foreign manufacturers: who contented themselves with reproducing and imitating the works of others with little of their feeling or their power; a kind of shadow of foreign art was there; a dim reflection of distant lights—the husk without the kernel—the body without the soul. This state of things continued here during the palmy days of Italian Art; for religious rancour and civil strife united against Painting and Sculpture, and the love of Correggio, and Raffaele, and Chaucer, and Shakspeare were remembered among the backslidings of Charles the First, for which the rancorous Independents exacted his blood. Our intercourse with all parts of the earth widened our views, and did much for commerce and trade and national influence, but nothing for our Art, which languished still in foreign hands. It was in vain that our nobles travelled into Italy: they brought back, indeed, now and then, statues and pictures generally of a second-rate class; they returned with improved tastes, perhaps, but with no increase of liberality; it never occurred to them that their own countrymen were

capable of equalling even the Italians, whom they admired, in their almost sole walk of genius, and that it was their duty to aid them in establishing schools of painting and sculpture, where all is weighed in a golden balance, and could not be accomplished without money.

England, all the while that this gross darkness in Art rested upon her, was one of the most powerful and wealthy nations of the earth; single-handed—unaided, except by her own high spirit—which, it must be admitted, was a little addicted to domineering, she had conquered Ireland, subdued Wales, all but mastered Scotland, and possessed herself of some of the fairest provinces of France. Her archers and her seamen had rendered her the terror of the earth and the arbitress of nations—when she could not sign her own name—when a Saracen's head on a sign-post was as good to her as the head of an angel from the hand of Giotto, and the Gog and Magog of Guildhall superior to Castor and Pollux from the chisel of Phidias. Her magnificent abbeys, the work of the Scarlet Woman of Rome, as the Catholic church was opprobriously called by both Puritans and Independents; and the elegant and chaste and classic structures of Jones and Wren—men who were both neglected and oppressed, one by the parliament, and the other by the king—alone saved the island from the reproach of utter sterility in the Arts, and kept up the hopes of those—and they would not be many who—believed the time at hand when the nation would feel ashamed of her nakedness, and call in Art to embellish and adorn her. A few Dutch sculptors were imported by King William, and a few painters of a humble kind followed in the train of our first George; but their want of feeling, without which pictures are but daubs, and statues clods of the valley, did no good to English art, then struggling for light and life. Indeed, all that the nobility and gentry of England had done for Art up to the founding of the Academy, had retarded its rise. They had encouraged foreign workmen—they had seen Italy, and returned with the belief that Italian artists alone were worthy of the name—but they were less to blame for this than for neglecting to befriend the infant Art of their own land, and to do for England what priests and princes had done for Italy.

Painting and Sculpture at last asserted their own dignity in England, and did for themselves what the cold nobility and the factious governments of the country had neglected to do—they established schools of painting, sculpture, and architecture, where the great principles of each were taught, and examples, and most of them excellent, expatiated upon to the students by professors chosen from their own ranks, and paid—a kind of earnest-money rather than a salary—out of the funds of the institution. All this was done, save some small assistance from the king, by the patriotism and purses of the artists alone: the nobles of the land stood and looked on; some, it is true, applauding, but all buttoning their pockets, all ready to sit down to the dinner tables of the Academy, but none ready to help with donations either of money or models, or pictures or books. Like the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Academy obtained a shelter for its head, a very humble and a not very suitable one, as far as sculpture is concerned, from the Crown—or from the country, if that be the fashionable phrase; but the like shelter is afforded to the halt, the lame, and the blind, to the beggar and the parish mendicant, to the collection of clothes and food. We have and the like courtesy of shelter is extended to the Royal and Antiquarian Societies: if a comparison of their merits is presumed to be implied in these words, such is not our meaning. The ablest artists of the land, with the exception of one or two, are in the ranks of the Aca-

demy, or in a fair way of being so; but in the Royal and Antiquarian Societies the highest names in science and literature are either not to be found, or they disdain to throw any of their labours into the Balaam boxes of these very grave and very dull institutions.

It may happen—for we are writing less for artists than for the public—that some of our readers may not happen to know how the Royal Academy, in the absence of the usual patronage, contrives to exist; and not only to exist, but thrive, and pay professors, and support the arts of the land with honour at home and abroad. We will tell them in one word—by the fruits of the annual exhibition of their pictures. A shilling charged for admission, and a shilling charged for the catalogue, form a fair sum, which, when the Exhibition closes, is committed to the custody of the treasurer, and applied to the purposes for which the institution was formed. These purposes are threefold: the support of the Academy at home—the support of its students at Rome, (of whom Kennedy, a very promising one, has just been sent)—and the support of the widows, the orphans, and the infirm members, in which the associates are included. This annual outlay is at present so heavy, that it has lately been proposed to have recourse to the stock which the care or parsimony of the earlier Presidents have accumulated; but this has been opposed, on the ground that the House of Commons, in a fit of retrenchment, may deprive them of the shelter which the King, in the days of power, bestowed; and that their sixty thousand pounds may be necessary to help them to a new Academy. It is right to be prudent, nor is it unwise to be prepared, for the House of Commons, to use an expressive phrase, "is a ticklish steed to shoe behind," and may give the Arts of the land one of its midnight kicks; for it has of late shown no sympathy either with literature or art, or anything which is known to the world by the word elegance. To literature has been denied the right in its own creations, and the doors of the Royal Academy are threatened to be opened, and its account books keelhaunched. There is a spirit of search abroad, which threatens to explore all that is private as well as public; the Commons carry a master-key which no locks can resist, and to which even the very laws which they make can offer no opposition. So they say.

It would appear that many members of the Commons, so far from feeling shame—as part of the nation—in having afforded no patronage to Art, are resolved to close altogether the fountains of public instruction, by opening the doors of the exhibition of the Royal Academy free of expense to the world. This they contend for on two grounds: first, that as Art is but the servant of the country, and has no right to keep her works from the public; and, secondly, that as the house in which Art exhibits her pictures, and instructs her students, is the property of the nation, the nation has a right to visit its tenants, and interfere with their income and expenditure. These claims seem founded in the celebrated maxim which one of those gentlemen applies to the creations of literature, that genius works for the world, not for itself, and has no right to productions which it creates out of nothing. To men who can argue in this way, and whose knowledge of right and wrong is equal to their sensibility in conceptions, beautiful and sublime, it is of no use to speak; they may be regarded as powers of dullness or darkness who wage war against the lights of literature and art, and to whom Stupidity, in the hour of birth, communicated the power of resisting reason and argument. Some of these pretenders to taste know so little of the magic of light and shade, that they call white black, and black white. Others, like Michael Cassio, are accounted great arithmeticians, with skill equal

to the solution of that great commercial problem, "A herring and a half for three-halfpence, how many for elevenpence?"—and one or more has such knowledge of the beauty of the human form as they have picked up in an inquest on a dead body before the coroner. At most they have a capacity for small things, and cannot comprehend any noble theory, or any matter graceful or profound; they have a set of cries, uttered at regular intervals, by which they have obtained the reputation of patriotism; they go on like three voices in a catch, crying cheap religion, cheap literature, cheap art, and, indeed, cheap everything, save the usage of money. They imagine, but they cannot tell how, that literature and art are taking money out of their pockets, and exclaim that Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Lawrence lived at their expense.

But the open attacks of the dull and ignorant, and the religious dislike of the church to accept the aid of a costly art, are not half so injurious to painting and sculpture as the common ignorance of the nation, and the neglect and coldness of the Government. Artists in this land are not held in such high estimation as they are in other countries; neither is there the same demand for works of a lofty and poetic nature. The vanity and selfishness of the nation, as well as the humility of its taste, are manifested in the character of the art chiefly in demand: the portrait of a gentleman—the portrait of a favourite prospect on his grounds—the portrait of a favourite horse which bore him on his bridal day—and the portrait of the cow which supplied his son and heir with milk when first weaned, are the daily and hourly commissions which Art has to execute. There are exceptions; but they are rare. It is the same in sculpture as it is in painting—nothing of a high or poetic kind is in request; allegory, because of the thin veil which it hangs over adulation and flattery, is in demand; but portraiture is the order of the day—not mental, but bodily.

To lift Art into the regions of mind and poetry, should be the endeavour of Her Majesty and the Government, and this would be best accomplished, first, by opening the doors of the gallery of Art, so that the public may see and improve in taste by meditating on their wonders; and, secondly, by publicly and openly connecting the State with the elegant Arts of the country, and proving to the world that we have rulers who are desirous of mixing us into the upper air of the poetic and the sublime. The multitude, in truth, are not aware of the benefits of high art: a few of the men of London, or other large cities, may have obtained a glimpse of the miracles which Art has wrought, but the three-fourths of the people know no more of Raphael, Correggio, Rubens, Wilson, and Reynolds, than they do of the perished glories of Praxiteles and Appelles. It should be the business of the State to open the eyes of the people. Are the mechanics and husbandmen of Britain less accessible to the influence of the lovely, the graceful, and the grand, than those of France and Italy, who gaze with awe, and delight, and improvement, on the State collections? It is not to open with a slow and reluctant hand the doors of the galleries for a few hours in the week that will do. The doors should be opened wide, and opened on all days of the week: there should be no impediment,—nay, the people should be invited, as it were, in—for they have been kept much too long out.

The Statue and Picture Galleries of Greece were, we may say, in the open air, and free to all, as they belonged to all; the temples of the gods were filled, as Pausanias tells us, with historical pictures, not such pictures as some of our critics reckon of that order, but representations of the most poetic or striking passages in Grecian history—the actions of the gods and

the ceremonies of religion. The streets, the squares, and the public places, were crowded with statues of gods, heroes, poets, and legislators; so that all Greece was one vast open academy of instruction, where the people were schooled, unconscious that any one was taking the trouble of teaching them. England must have such freedom as Greece had of old, and as France and Italy afford to their inhabitants now, to become familiar with the beauties of Art, before we can hope for a wholesome and healthy admiration in the people.

A sense of the necessity of this is no solitary thing: something of the kind seems to have dawned even on the mind of Hume when he proposed to open the doors of our national collections on holidays to the people: his object, perhaps, was rather to startle the devout and alarm the godly than to let light in upon the multitude. If such was his object, he succeeded. We confess that, had the House of Commons voted Art a profane thing, and worthy only of being turned out of doors, as the Long Parliament did, we could not have been more surprised than by the resistance offered to the motion, and the grounds of that resistance. The House, shutting its eyes—which were, perhaps, never fully open—to the moral sentiment, and high and devout aim of the grand, calm works of art in the National Gallery and in the Museum, declared that it was not necessary to open their doors, for there were other places of amusement open to the people. Amusement! what amusement is to be found in looking at some of the noblest works which man has created? Is the 'Rape of the Sabines' a prime piece of fun? is 'Phineus and his Companions struck into stone by the head of Medusa' a capital joke? or 'The Plague of the Serpents' a bit of drollery? Amusement! Oh, ye men of the House of Commons, ye have singular notions of the jocular and the joyous! Ye are afraid that some poor mechanic, escaping from the snare of your gin-palaces, set purposely open to entrap him, will find too much amusement in the 'Raising of Lazarus,' or 'Christ crowned with Thorns!'

But though we advocate the opening of the public galleries on holidays to the people, we are not advocates for opening the doors of the Royal Academy Exhibition, except on established conditions. By the proceeds of her exhibition, as has already been stated, the Royal Academy supports her schools and her widows here, and her students abroad; and to open the exhibition to the public gratis, would be to rob the Academy, and deprive her of the means of doing that high duty which she generously performs for the Government. If the free exhibition of works of art will be beneficial to the nation, as we are convinced it will, and if the House of Commons think so too, let them pay the Academy for this indulgence, and not, under pretence of pleasing the people, rob Art of the little she has to help her on to eminence.

But the disregard for Art, and want of sympathy in its productions on the part of the State, is the crowning misery of all. Twenty millions were hazarded lately in a speculation on human freedom—but, in short, money is found by this wealthy and complaining nation for anything save Literature and Art. Britain is an arrant spendthrift in all things, save what is to elevate and honour the glories of the mind. Our frugality in matters of true and lasting fame makes other nations stare, while they wonder at our extravagance in annually flinging tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, to individuals and states, whose worth or whose merits it would be difficult to describe. In Literature and Art, Government stand with

"Hands which took, but never gave,"
but squanders the nation's wealth wherever

sordid or party interest points. It would be difficult to name one act of liberality connected with the graceful, the beautiful, the magnificent, or the sublime.

From our Queen, who is yet but young, Art has had but few commissions, and these are for small pictures of a domestic nature. The Government orders nothing, or confines its honours to those who filled a paragraph in the last *Gazette*. If this country desires to be as eminent as other nations are, she must try to follow, for, alas! she is too late to lead, the example of other kingdoms, nor hesitate, though she counts them inferior to emulate them in the race of true and permanent glory. The French, whom we laugh at for their grimace and gaiety, have a king who welcomes men of talent of all lands, and lets none away without marks of his approbation. He has ordered historical works—not portraits—from all the chief artists of his kingdom, and has galleries fit for their reception. The King of Belgium pursues a similar course; and in the same spirit the King of Holland labours to make his little kingdom distinguished for the arts in his own reign, as it has been in the reigns of his ancestors. The King of Bavaria is a pattern of taste and munificence: he collects works of talent from all lands. The Austrians and the Prussians are a league a-head of us in the just appreciation of the spirit of Art; while the Russians, whom we delight to call barbarous, in the race which they are now running against us in the beautiful and the great, are already nigh the winning post. It is a painful thing, and men of taste and talent may well be bitter, to see the genius of all other nations aided in its flight by princes and states; while the Genius of Britain must fly its own flight, and "seek the skies with wings of lead."

We are rich beyond the riches of all other nations, and of power surpassing even the most powerful. Let us pursue to our men of genius a grand and a generous policy—let us consider how little we should know of Greece and her glories, were it not for what has been carved, painted, and written. These arts we call on the Queen and on the Government, to support and honour. Let a National Temple be erected—not a barn but a palace—fit to receive the statues of our noblest men—pictures of the nation's noblest actions, and the works of our noblest authors. The dead, whom we have neglected, would be recalled as it were to life; and the living chiefs of Art and Science and Literature should be united to it by ties both honorary and pecuniary, that those who adorn the land might be out of reach—which they are not now—of starvation. The soldier who storms a breach, the sailor who captures an enemy's ship, the minister who manages wisely the affairs of the nation, deserve their salaries no more than those men of genius deserve support who embellish the country by works of intellect. To a structure such as this—endowed and possessed as we describe—we could proudly point to any foreigner when he enquired—and the question is not a new one—"Where are the visible proofs of your country's glory?" To do this would require but a few of those thousands which we annually dispense in subsidies to the deceitful, and largesses to the ungrateful. But there is no true love of national glory, else the want of such an institution would not now be a national reproach. Faction and Selfishness are the false gods whom Britain worships, and in them she forget and forego our duty to the genius which Nature has given to honour and elevate the nation.

"It is needless to whistle jigs to mile-stones."

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREE EXHIBITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'ART-UNION.'

SIR,—The sweeping condemnation of the principle involved in a prospectus of a free exhibition, submitted to you for your opinion, which appeared in your last number; and the absence of the reasoning on which you base your dissent, has proved unsatisfactory to artists of all shades of opinion, and is particularly obnoxious to those originating the question, who certainly expected a sound and argumentative discussion of it in the columns of the *ART-UNION*; instead of having the whole dismissed, with the contemptuous wind-up, "It is needless to support this assertion by argument." Now, Sir, as this prospectus of a Free Exhibition, on the principle adopted in Rome, was published for the twofold purpose, of exciting agitation on a subject of vast importance to art, and of collecting sufficient statistical information to justify further proceedings; I should be happy to know the grounds on which you characterise this scheme as "visionary and absurd;" as, by furnishing myself and friends with your argument in opposition, you may set a few honest right-hearted men upright on their intellectual legs; and I should be in a better position to answer objections, when I had them before me in a tangible shape. All that I can do now, would be much better done, if you would publish in your columns the prospectus itself, along with your remarks; and allow the public and the body of artists to form their own opinion. As, however, I have my pen in hand, I will state the principle as shortly as possible, by the operation of which it is proposed to improve the condition of art.

It is a fact beyond contradiction, that there is not sufficient accommodation for the works annually sent to the different exhibition rooms: two-thirds are either rejected, or hung, or placed (as sculpture) so badly, that rejection would in comparison be a boon; and by that means great misery and unhappiness is caused to the many, whose only hope to progress, is through the medium of exhibition. Year after year are young artists of undoubted talent, thrown back on their own resources; and to men of nervous temperament common to a class, who exist and flourish through public opinion, with their resources diminished or paralyzed; they, in sending their works for exhibition, are at the mercy of a few men, who however earnest to do right, are, from the nature of circumstances, incapacitated from doing so; and there being few good places in all exhibition rooms at present, and a host of bad, the members of the society who get up the show, are placed principally, whether they merit it or not, and then, "the hangers" are at leisure to consider others.

While that cause operates against the advance of art, and is destructive of emulation and dignity of mind, by fostering envy, hatred, malignity, and insincerity; the public are disgusted by the mercenary character of men, professing a liberal art, who not only mulct them at the doors of their exhibitions, by demanding a shilling for admission, but do them out of their money, by selling catalogues for a shilling or sixpence, which cost them sixpence or threepence; who, instead of encouraging a taste for art in the country, put an actual prohibition against improvement: few people caring to pay twice for visiting the same collection.

What is the object of an artist in painting or sculpture? is it not to execute works to be seen by the public? and what is the meaning of an exhibition-room, but to afford the public an opportunity of seeing these works, of comparing the different powers of different men, and of suiting themselves with those works, which please their different ideas; and though last, not least, to afford to artists opportunities of mutual improvement, for the honour of art, and their country. I will ask any man of sense, can these simple objects be attained, unless all the works exhibited, are on an equality with regard to situation and light. Would a good picture lose by being placed close to a bad one? I answer, No. Would a bad picture gain? I answer, No. Who would gain then? I answer, the artist who painted the inferior picture, and the artist who painted the good picture, would gain ten times more, from the increased consequence he would feel in his supe-

riority. The artist who copies another, adds a laurel to his master's wreath, while he cannot anticipate the ideas to be engendered in his master's mind.

To remedy all this, the prospectus we are writing about was published; to correct the bad feeling existing in art; to improve art, and the condition of artists; to give satisfaction to the public; and to add honour to the country—by adopting the principle in operation in the Roman exhibition. Let the body of artists unite, and let a proper exhibition-room be procured, let every man pay for the space he occupies on the wall as a painter, or on the floor as a sculptor, and let the nuisance of catalogues be done away with, and let the public be admitted free as air, as into a private studio, to visit the works of their countrymen. Let the exhibition be open during the year, and every artist purchasing a place, let him buy from the floor to the roof; and there being no catalogues to interfere with, this being in fact his picture gallery, he may shift his pictures when he chooses, so that he does not derange the room. By paying five or ten pounds, according to his venture (many may pay more), the artist is independent; he pays his rent as he does his tailor's or his butcher's bill; he injures no man, and is injured by none; there is no more cringing and sneaking, no more fear of expressing an honest opinion; the artist would then be known by his works alone, and not by his powers of pleasing, or by his manners.

I beg to say, Mr. Editor, that with the exception of your paper, all those of the press, who have taken notice of the scheme, applaud the intention, and wish it success; and some have printed the entire prospectus in their columns. I have received communications from many artists, giving in their adhesion; and it is to be hoped that a public meeting will bring out a good deal of interesting feeling in favour of this just and liberal principle—the English of which is, “a fair field, and no favour”—an honest feeling I have never yet heard a man bold enough to contravene. I shall be happy to hear the opinion, and the reasons for that opinion, of the ART-UNION on this subject; and I shall oppose them when I conceive them in opposition to the general maxim of—Honour to my art and advantage to my country;—but I shall also receive them with the respect due to an organ of the art of Britain. Before concluding, I beg you will remember, that this scheme is neither “visionary” nor “absurd;” it works well in Rome, consequently 'tis neither a novelty, nor an original invention; but only an application of the principle of a foreign exhibition.

With regard to the getting up of this prospectus, I shall be glad to give you all information concerning it; but in the meantime, no matter who had a hand in it, let the principle, and not the principal; the matter, and not the manner, be discussed. I could write a volume on this subject; but I fear to occupy too much of that space you have so liberally afforded me in opposition—a noble spirit, and worthy of the ART-UNION.

I am, Sir, &c.

PATRICK PARK.

[We received Mr. Park's letter too late in the month to accept the challenge it contains. We shall in our next number endeavour to explain why we still consider his scheme “visionary and absurd;” although we are by no means certain that our space might not be better filled.]

WORKS OF THE LATE MR. HILTON, R.A.

SIR,—There has been in your paper of late a vast outlay of words upon Vehicles and Varnishes, without any thing definite, or particularly valuable being obtained. We remain just as we were beforehand, viz., in the midst of a wood, with paths branching off at points, doubtful which to follow, and no sign-post to direct us surely on our way. One willingly submits to a little superfluous discussion, when the object is to elicit the grand secret of preserving, for future ages, works as they come from the hands of the master; yet I cannot help thinking, that the majority engaged therein, incline a little too much towards theory, in the place of seeking more assiduously for matters of fact bearing on the subject—it is better to prove what has been done, than what can be said. From my little stock of experience (and without pretending to know much about the na-

ture or properties of the various oils and varnishes), I should say, that mastick varnish and drying oil may be safely used in combination with a strong body of colour. Any one who copies the old masters, will find that they can only be truly imitated through the help of some such unctuous vehicle. Oil alone (when much is used), being too thin to produce the rich, juicy texture required. For myself, I think it matters not materially, what the vehicle is, provided it be used in moderation with a strong body of pure colour, and not (as is commonly the custom) to finish the delicate flesh tints upon that dirty basis, known by the name of dead colouring. The only dead colouring used (as appears to me) by the old masters, and apparently (judging from the commencement of a study for a nymph) by the late Mr. Hilton (one of the greatest amongst the moderns), was pure ultra-marine and white, with a slight tinge of vermilion in the cheeks, lips, and extremities. It was thus Sir Joshua painted the ‘Snake in the Grass,’ and the ‘Iphigenia’—two of his pictures which have best stood the test of time. But I will not trouble you further with any notions of my own, my object in addressing you, being to obtain a little enlightenment from a gentleman, whose every word must be of undoubted value when relating to the matter on the tapis. The idea of appealing to him suggested itself when viewing the admirable works of the late Mr. Hilton, recently exhibiting at the British Institution. How is it? said I to myself, that now-a-days, we should be so perplexed with theories, when we have before us results of a practice so perfect? The desire for a peep into the painting-room of such a master came naturally enough, but the realization was impossible; yet there was a hope that his able relative and executor, Mr. DeWint, could, and would afford an equivalent. You will agree with me, Mr. Editor, that a sentence from him, must be worth more than a volume from any other; he can confer a benefit on art that cannot fail to be appreciated.

There can be no second opinion regarding Mr. Hilton as a great colourist, in which respect only I need now allude to him. His genius and vast knowledge of the Art, both as relates to the means and the end, have at last been made sufficiently manifest; so many works of a master being collected and exhibited in one room, is the severest of all trials for them, and for him. Yet in this rare case, it but adds to his reputation. Singling out merely one or two to bear upon the topic “colour and its durability,” where, I say, shall we find anything to surpass the ‘Triumph of Amphitrite.’ Though painted some years since, its brilliancy is as dazzling and glorious as when first exhibited; look again at ‘The Angel releasing St. Peter from Prison,’ or ‘Nature blowing Bubbles;’ they also remain as fresh and transparent as ever. If, then, the method and material of this great master be made known, how safe a guide do we obtain to take us through the dangers that lie between mere theory, and the manner of applying colours which shall stand to delight after generations! Mr. DeWint is one of a profession, too noble I take it, to prevent a consummation so devoutly to be wished; it would perhaps impose a little trouble, but the feeling (which makes a man an artist, rather than turn to more lucrative employments) will also make him prefer the good opinion and thanks of his fellow-countrymen, to a consideration of his own personal convenience; but, to cut the matter short, will Mr. DeWint say how, and with what the pictures above alluded to were painted?

Having been thus brought to speak of Mr. Hilton's works, I cannot help taking the opportunity of expressing my regret, that the choice of a picture from them (for presentation to the National Gallery) should have fallen on the ‘Sir Calepine rescuing Serena;’ this is doubtless a great work, and has many charms, but I am not singular in giving the preference to two others in possession of the executor, the ‘St. Peter,’ and the ‘Amphitrite,’ either of which, as I conceive, contains a greater number of beauties, and has more grandeur in the composition than the first mentioned. If a picture is to be selected for the purpose of showing what the British School can do, and also to honour the man, why not take the best? All possible care is necessary when the efforts of a rising school are to be placed in competition, as it were, with the great achievements of the old masters. My firm belief is, that a larger and more speedily

raised subscription would have been the consequence, had either of these I mention been named instead of the one chosen. Let us hope that it is not yet too late to try the experiment; and, further, that it will be tried, unless there be some very particular and good reasons for the contrary; at all events, it would be no more than right and politic, perhaps, to let it be more generally known why, when there was the opportunity of choosing from good, better, and best, that the latter was not selected for the laudable purpose intended.

I remain, &c.

VIGILANS.

WHAT IS HISTORICAL PAINTING?

SIR,—Will you allow me to beg the favour of your insertion of this letter in your valuable periodical, in the hope that some artist of experience will kindly satisfy my anxious enquiry. We are told by the Academy to aim at the highest branch of our honourable profession, viz. ‘Historical Painting;’ and the object of my present letter is, to be clearly informed what our modern artists mean by ‘Historical.’ Is ‘Laying down the Law’ historical? Is ‘The Irish Whisky-Still’ historical? Is ‘The tired Huntsman’ historical? Are the works of Turner, Uwins, Chalon, Lee, Mulready, &c., historical? We go abroad and are told to study (I suppose with the hope we shall emulate them) Michael Angelo, Correggio, Raffaele, the Carracci; and then are we to come home and paint what Blackwood calls “The Elegant Familiar Style.” The exhibition of the works of Hilton at the British Gallery (why not at the Royal Academy?) will be a spur to many a young artist, and I trust will long be remembered among us. Sir J. Reynolds says “it is not easy to say in what the grand style consists;” but I hope it will be in the power of some one to tell me, if we are to attend to the precepts or the practice of our teachers; or, that I am altogether mistaken in my idea of “Historical;” and those pictures I have mentioned are really “the grand style.” I will not longer intrude on your time and attention except with one example. A young artist, after studying abroad for some years, returns home, and after much thought and care commences a picture on a Scripture subject: he exerts himself, day and night: at last it is finished, and with many fears is sent to the Academy. It is rejected: he is deeply disappointed, but is not discouraged: he sees many faults in it himself, and anxiously waits for the exhibition to open, in the hope that then he shall see his errors more distinctly; but he vainly looks on the walls for some picture to guide him. He does not presume to doubt the excellence of the works I have named, but the doubt arises in his mind, “Are these Historical?” He feels he cannot paint dogs, and baskets, and draperies as he sees them, and is sometimes in despair that he has wasted his precious time; and is as far as ever from knowing “what is historical.” Hoping that some of your correspondents will assist me and my friend out of our difficulty, I remain, Sir,

S. T.

VEHICLES.

SIR,—I have followed your advice—(See ART-UNION, No. 14, p. 38)—I have read and studied “The Sketcher,” and other papers relating to art, in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, with delight, and I trust with advantage; though to do so I had to seek among my friends, and could with difficulty obtain the numbers of that periodical from the year 1830 (at which time those in question begin) up to the present time. It is to be regretted that these very valuable and original contributions are not separated by the same elegant hand which traced them, and published in a collected form, with suitable vignettes. In this shape they would be more accessible to artists and amateurs; for the trouble and expense of obtaining the whole numbers of Blackwood's Magazine for so many past years, and merely for the sake of, perhaps, only one paper in each, is not only very great, but is particularly discouraging to those whose pecuniary resources are limited. For myself, I regret in no way, but the contrary, that you stimulated me to make the attempt, in which I have succeeded; and I take this opportunity of returning you my sincere thanks for the suggestion. Desirous that the same benefit should arise to my fel-

low-labourers and students in art, I beseech you to advocate the adoption of

THE STARCH AND OIL VEHICLE.

There is, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July, 1836, p. 136—under the head of "The Arts—Hints to Amateurs"—an account of the above-named vehicle, there styled "A NEW MEDIUM IN PAINTING." I have tried it—I like it exceedingly—I consider it the most important discovery that has been made in modern days in the branch of the Fine Arts now under consideration; and I wish that my name were of sufficient importance to add to its reputation. Every artist has experienced the impracticability, by the usual media, of giving to his copies of the old masters the firmness and texture of the originals; neither can he give to his pigments that degree of fluidity for exact imitation, without the colours spreading and obliterating each stroke of the pencil. General effects he can of course obtain; but when his copy is completed, he will retire from his studio dissatisfied, and oftentimes dispirited, yet clinging to the hope that "time will mellow and consolidate the paint." How often does he indulge in this delusion! But, soon as he examines a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, or any other of our best modern masters, he is painfully constrained to admit that, truly, *the art is lost*.

With this conviction on my mind, I began my experiments with "the New Medium," following, as nearly as possible, the directions of its ingenious discoverer. I tacked to its frame a piece of soft canvass, and primed it in his way. Then, I first boiled a table-spoonful of white starch powder in a pint of rain water; so that, when cold, it "just escaped being a jelly." Of this, I took two table-spoonfuls and added thereto one table-spoonful of linseed oil. I worked them together smartly, with an iron spatula on a marble slab, till thoroughly incorporated, when the mass presented the appearance of THICK CREAM: and this constitutes "THE NEW MEDIUM." With this I prepared the priming, mixing up ceruse or common white lead in powder and whiting in equal proportions; and when well rubbed up, adding as much light red or other pigment as would make the ground the colour I wished. This I spread over the tacked canvass with a knife or large tool, and then removed it to the sunshine, or, if cloudy, placing it before a fire; when, within the space of an hour or even less, the priming was dry. If the surface was not sufficiently covered, or even enough for my purpose, I added a second and even a third coat.

All my colours, *being in powder*, a necessary condition, I mixed up each to the tint with "the new medium;" though for this part of the work I increased the proportion of oil, making it *equal with the starch in quantity*. My white was composed of flake white (in powder) three parts; whiting, one part, and ground up with the muller in the same "medium." And generally, for the first painting, I mixed more or less whiting with all my colours; it absorbs any excess of oil, and when dry adds to the firmness of the painting, and gives mellowness to the lights, and clearness and transparency even in the shadows.

Thus prepared, I began my work. The work of the glazings was performed in the usual way, but with the new medium. In this way of working, and with this vehicle, as I have said before, and cannot too often repeat, there is no running together of the colours, neither do they flatten, or the sharpness of the edges sink. Every touch will remain precisely as it was left, and so dry; and if it should be wished, and the artist is equal to the task, every part of his work may be finished at one sitting. It admits, too, of every degree of transparency and the highest finish; and when the paint is dry, it *becomes as hard as stone*, and, like stone, its surface may be polished with pumice-stone.

Whoever of your readers is disposed to try this plan with "the new medium," will not only never repent his so doing, but, I will venture to say, will *never return to our old system of varnishes and macgillups, which is now happily on the wane, and must be soon exploded*.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

FACILITIES FOR INSTRUCTION.

MR. EDITOR, I am an amateur artist and an enthusiastic admirer of art in all its branches, but with means so limited that, not being able to *purchase* instruction, am obliged to blunder on in the best way I can. My object in troubling you with this letter is to point out what great disadvantages persons situated as I am labour under from not having facilities of procuring *works on art*, by which knowledge may be gained, without *purchasing* them, seeing that their price, like law books, is very considerably beyond that of most other publications, putting their possession entirely out of the power of limited means, however great the desire may be; in fact, it appears to me that, as far as the means of a *poor* student go, all these fine treatises upon Painting, Drawing, &c. &c., which I see advertised in your excellent work and elsewhere, are perfectly sealed books, the price putting the consulting them entirely out of the power of all but those who, in my humble opinion, have little need and less care for them—viz., the *rich*; the *utility* to the *mass* is entirely destroyed by the difficulty, not to say the utter *impossibility*, in the majority of cases, of procuring them. Now, if you could point out to poor fellows like myself any place where, or devise any means by which, these books and works could be *borrowed* (on sufficient security of course for their safety), it would, I think, be the means of opening up a great mass of information now totally sealed to us, and in various other ways (which I need not point out to you who are so zealous in the cause of the science and its followers) be the means of diffusing knowledge and taste where they are *most* wanted, viz., by those who possess the *raw* talent without the means of improving it by purchasing instruction at so dear a rate.—I am, &c., E. C.

[The subject requires very serious consideration; we shall, ere long, offer some remarks in reference to it, and endeavour to comment on the writer's postscript:—"What a capital thing a circulating library devoted to works on art, and all treatises relating or bearing upon it, would be! Is there such a thing? or could you devise and propose any plan to the public by which such a thing could be accomplished?"]

LETTERS BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

A copy of the following Letters having accidentally fallen into our hands, we have thought they might be acceptable to the readers of the Art-Union. But not willing to invade any private territory, or to encounter the chance of hurting the feelings of any individual, we have sent to ask permission of Mr. Wins, to whom the letters are addressed; and we insert his answer as our authority.

10, Paddington-green, Aug. 30, 1840.

SIR—I can have no objection to the publication of the letters to which your note refers. Two copies have been made of them; one for Allan Cunningham, and another for a gentleman in the north of England: which has fallen into your hands I do not know, but they have never appeared in print; and of their fitness for publication you must be the judge. I am, Sir, &c.

THOMAS WINS.

P.S. The second letter will hardly be understood, unless it be known that I made a pilgrimage to Urbino, and presented Sir Thomas Lawrence with drawings of the residence of Raffaele, and some other points about the city and neighbourhood. After the President's death, these drawings came into the possession of S. Rogers, Esq., in whose collection they remain.

To the Editor of the Art-Union.

LETTER I.

Russell-square, April 20th, 1825.

DEAR SIR,—In consequence of Mr. Brockedon having communicated to me your letter of the 2nd of April, I yesterday waited on Messrs. Coutts, and requested them to transmit the sum remaining in their hands, for the British Academy of Arts at Rome, to Messrs. Torlonia, to be paid to your order as secretary to that Society. Mr.

Brockedon had before informed me of the wish of the Society that the money should be sent to Rome; but I had not considered it as definitively arranged by us, or this delay should not have taken place. Mr. Brockedon must be wholly exonerated from the slightest charge of inattention. I signed the order for the transfer of the sum amounting to £300; and I have no doubt of the letter to Torlonia being at this moment on its way.

I fear you have thought me too neglectful of your obliging letters, and of the furtherance of my own expressed wishes; but you must have the goodness to make large allowance for the general pressure on my time, and for some want of that activity of spirit, which will not accompany us through life. You must not rely on punctual correspondence from me, but you may on the constancy of my esteem, and of my satisfaction in receiving from you any studies from either 'Eve receiving the Apple,' on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; 'The Sybil half rising and shutting her Book;'—'The Almighty creating Adam, borne by cherubs and angels;' 'The figure of Adam;' or of the finely proportioned 'Young Man,' engraved in the frontispiece of Gavin Hamilton's *Schola Italica*.—But I frankly tell you, that mere general representations of them would not satisfy me. The outline must be nicely true; the character and proportions accurate. Of the "whereabouts" of each figure or groupe, I have in prints repetition without number; they all fail in the true line of elegance or grandeur that so distinctly marks the productions of that great man.

We have just sustained the loss of kindred genius, in the original and lofty conceptions of Mr. Fuseli. In poetic invention, it is not too much to say he has had no equal since the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries; and if his drawing and proportions were mannered and sometimes carried to excess, still it was exaggeration of the grandeur of antique form, and not, as in many, enlargement of the mean and ordinary in nature. The President and Council of the Royal Academy attend his remains to St. Paul's on Monday next. He retained his brilliant faculties to the last—to the advanced age of eighty-six. He met death with an even cheerful equanimity, and died in the presence of a family by whom he was loved with an almost filial affection. It took place at Lady Guilford's, on Saturday last.

You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Gott's model has not arrived: his agent having received no intimation of it. The ballot took place last night, and he lost it by two votes. I must, however, acknowledge that the gentleman elected (Mr. Scouler) displayed considerable power in the work that he sent in—a groupe of the 'Death of Abel.' My favourite was Mr. Gott, who must not be dispirited by this occurrence, but rely on his own genius, which will bring him through, if he have but constancy of exertion. Pray give my best compliments and regards to him. I shall have the pleasure of writing to him by the next post. You will not fail to commend me to Mr. Eastlake; and respectfully to the gentlemen of your society, the British Academy.

Ever, dear Sir, your very faithful,

THOMAS LAWRENCE.

To Thomas Wins, Esq., Rome.

LETTER II.

Russell-square, October 31st, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although too long silent after receiving so gratifying a mark of your remembrance of me, I yet hope you will accept my acknowledgment of that kindness, with full confidence in the sincerity of my thanks, and of that fixed esteem which, however quickened by the friendship and delicacy of the act, I had long been taught to entertain for your genius, character, and attainments.

I must hope that it belongs to worth to be considerate and forbearing to the failings which it seldom itself betrays, and to form excuses from the busied situation of its friends (if they have that to plead), which may extenuate what, in others, would appear a rude neglect and indifference.

I thus try to believe that my apology will be frankly received by you; and that you have already half-forgiven me for my unintentional

omission. Without reliance on the pleasure you were conferring, and on the sentiment it would excite, you would not have devoted time so valuable, even to this interesting task.

I can hardly tell you the feeling with which I frequently contemplate the drawings you have sent me. Had some weakness not mixed with his diviner nature, RAFFAELLE would hardly have been united to us, but have seemed indeed to belong to some higher sphere; permitted, like Newton, to descend on earth, the herald and companion of happier beings to whose pure intelligence we might hereafter be admitted. The room—the simple chamber in which he first beheld the light—must have impressed you with almost the force of religious homage; and, for the instant, had a sacredness in your mind, that could justly have known but one resemblance. You have sketched it, too, with a purity of line that is admirably in unison with the subject; and in its simple tenderness of effect is like the designs by him that I often place before me, and of which I look to future increased enjoyment, in viewing them with you: I see *Raffaello* and his *Urbino*, and conjecture the residence of *Timoteo della vite*, to whom the greater part of those interesting relics descended—his friend and assistant in the *frascos* of the *Pace*, from whose lineal descendant, Count Antaldi of Pesaro, I obtained some of his finest drawings. You will, I know, enter into the feelings with which we look on the paper on which his eyes had been intently bent, and see the decided or varying lines that speak the energy or delicacy of his thoughts. We have that which his hand has held and his pencil pressed; and more than all, we have upon it the essence of his mind, and trace those celestial sentiments that passed within it. With such feelings we see him, in these sketches, passing through the humble gate of Urbino; or wind round the road with him in his youthful twilight musings, when perhaps the first serene effect of colour was presented to his eye. All this enjoyment have you added to the few quiet evenings of a distant friend; and be assured you may rely on his sense of the obligation, and of the peculiar delicacy with which it has been conferred, as long as he has life within him.

I know not what to say to your desire of giving me further pleasure by other objects of similar interest. You have selected the greatest. If, on your return, you pass any time at Florence, and can put down for me authentic details in the interior of the house of Michael Angelo of the Buonarrotti, it will, I acknowledge, be an additional obligation; I was so circumstanced when at Florence that, after two attempts (the family being absent), I was denied the gratification of visiting it.

I have now to express the sincere admiration with which I viewed the striking improvement in the pictures you have lately sent to your brother, Dr. Uwins, whose kindness gave me early opportunity of seeing them. 'The Sleeping Female,' 'The Holiday of the Lazzarone, in his bower,' with that beautiful background of Naples; 'The Brigand's Wife,' &c., all presented equal evidence of your increasing power; and still more satisfactory from the assurance they give of the healthful state of your sight. In the shadows there is a slight approach to heat and heaviness of touch (for the comparative absence of detail, or rather of hard and defined detail, is part of the character of shadow, as well as privation of colour), what, in other respects, is wanting is only that which practice will give you—increased purity of colour, and a more light and facile pencil. But you were a confirmed artist in composition and knowledge of the essentials of art before you left England, and exhibit these maturer powers in every effort of your pencil; having obviously gained in general brilliancy of execution.

I know that now there must be many employers of your pencil. If I may be permitted to occupy its powers, upon any light and graceful subject, at the price of one hundred guineas (I am ashamed to limit it to that), it will give me great pleasure to possess this additional testimony of your genius and your regard. Believe me to remain, with the highest esteem, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

THOMAS LAWRENCE.

To T. Uwins, Esq., Naples.

EXHIBITIONS.

EASTERN INSTITUTION, COMMERCIAL ROAD.

The second annual "City" Exhibition is undoubtedly an improvement on the first; but the greater inducements held out to artists in the provinces have necessarily prevented the transmission of good works to the Commercial-road. The attempt, however, to stir up a feeling for Art among the wealthy merchants and traders of the east, is a laudable one, and ought to have received better encouragement from those upon whom the success of the experiment so mainly depends. Few painters of eminence are among the contributors.

The exhibition contains 405 works; the greater proportion of which have been already seen at the several galleries west of the metropolis; "the Society of British Artists" being its most extensive patrons. Mr. Hurlstone contributes, No. 157, 'An Italian Boy,' painted, we believe, expressly to deposit in this institution. It is a finely toned picture, and comparatively free from the blue tints of which he has been of late so lavish. Mr. Latilla has sent an 'Italian Girl,' and a large painting, which few who have seen would desire to see again. It aims to picture a bandit with his lady-love sitting by his side, and professes to illustrate Moore's lines:

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art,"

but the sentiment conveyed by the poet is altogether absent from the picture, in which there is nothing approaching to truth of character. The Chevalier Bouton has supplied several small works; they have in them nothing remarkable except a strange scattering of light and shade, for which we might look in vain through nature. MacManus, R.H.A., is a large contributor; No. 270, 'The Hedge School,' is a capital work, full of point—the accurate copy of a striking scene, with the original of which very few are acquainted. An Irish schoolmaster is giving instruction and administering chastisement, ex cathedra; groups of ragged and reckless urchins are assembled round his chair: "the mistress" receives with gracious countenance the gift which one of the "pupils" places in her hands; and the longing eye of the master is directed towards it. The picture abounds in humour; yet it is free from coarseness, and in no degree appertains to the class caricature. The interior of the cabin is very accurate; indeed, all the accessories are in admirable keeping. The Irish hedge-schools are rapidly vanishing; national societies have completely put out the little light that remained to them; the schoolmasters are now educated at other colleges than those that were established upon turf-ricks by the way sides; village schools in Ireland now bear a close resemblance to those of England; their peculiarities are little else than matters of history; and the next generation will know of them only as much as they may gather from some such description as this of Mr. MacManus. The work is consequently valuable, not alone for its own intrinsic merit, but as a record of scenes and characters unequalled for singularity. Several fine landscapes have been contributed by Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Vicars, Mr. Boddington (who must guard against the too abundant use of green), Mr. Crome (whose 'Moonlight' is among the best works in the collection), Mr. Allen, Mr. Watts, Mr. Priest, Mr. J. Wilson, Jun., Mr. Jutsum, Mr. M. E. Cotman, Mr. A. Clint, and Mr. E. Williams. Mr. Clater has some pictures of considerable ability; the best of which, perhaps, is No. 148, 'The Love-letter.' Miss Drummond exhibits here her admirable portrait of 'Miss Helen Faucit,'—it is seen to greater advantage than on the wall of Suffolk-street. Mr. J. Wood has some good portraits; Mr. Zeitter has a number of sketches of Hungarian scenes and characters. No. 192, 'A Con-

versation,' is a clever picture by J. Hantes—a name with which we are not acquainted. No. 247, 'The Blacksmith,' by R. R. Melan, which illustrates the famous story of Quintin Matsys, has here been placed more worthily than it was in the British Gallery; his accomplished lady also exhibits three or four small pictures of great merit. The Water-Colour Room contains little that deserves notice. No. 287, by Mrs. Wood, 'Anne of Austria giving her Jewels for the relief of Orphan Children, at the intercession of Vincent Paul,' is in some respects an excellent performance; and as the production of an amateur, is entitled to much commendation. It displays a fine poetic feeling and considerable taste.

On the whole, we must regret that so few of our better artists have tendered their support to this institution; if, however, the results be this year satisfactory—and, as an Art-Union is associated with the exhibition, we trust they will be so—another year may manifest a large improvement.

THE DIORAMA.

A new view has been opened at The Diorama—always a delightful place of amusement and enjoyment. It is also the production of a new artist. M. Renoux has painted it from one of David Roberts's noble and beautiful sketches. The subject is 'The Shrine of the Nativity at Bethlehem'—and, as usual, the light and shade is so managed as to present a score of pictures in one. The lamps are burning on the shrine, and glimmer in the recess; the sun gleams through the chapel windows, the clouds now and then pass over it; the monks are seen at their devotions; the pictures of 'The Virgin and Child,' and 'The Mother presenting the new-born Babe to the Wise Men' are beheld, at times in exceeding brightness, and at times in solemn and imposing obscurity. The work is, perhaps, the most effective that has yet been exhibited, and will add essentially to the pleasure to be afforded to strangers in the metropolis. "The picture represents three changes or distinct views. The first the shrine as it exists at the present time; the second the celebration of evening mass by the Franciscan monks, in the church built over it; and the third shows the whole lighted up, with figures in the act of devotion before the holy shrine and altar.—The lamps in the shrine and those in the recess under the altar, around the star, are kept burning day and night, as will be remarked in the picture, but the other lamps are only lighted on extraordinary occasions."

THE LIGOZZI GALLERY.—We have received a catalogue raisonné of this gallery—"containing nearly 200 paintings by the old masters"—now exhibiting in Maddox-street; but are unable this month to do more than refer to it.

GILDING BY ELECTRICITY.—The process of gilding by electricity has been practised very successfully by M. de la Rive of Paris, and promises to become very serviceable in the arts. A Parisian goldsmith, who had been directed to make some experiments on vessels so gilded, states that the coating is thicker and more durable than when effected in the ordinary manner. A cup gilt by M. de la Rive, was heated in a fire to a red heat, and then thrown into cold water; and when taken out was found to have lost nothing of its brilliancy. The powers of electricity, its all-pervading and all-conquering influence, are but beginning to be comprehended. We are probably on the eve of some great discovery in connexion with it, to which all that has lately come to us are but simple forebodings.

WORKS IN PROGRESS.

THE RABBIT-HUTCH. E. LANDSEER, R.A.
T. LANDSEER.

An etching from this picture has been issued. It will be recollected as a leading attraction of the exhibition of 1839. A fine boy and a lovely girl—the children of the Hon. Colonel Seymour Bathurst—are visiting their rabbit-hutch; the little maid presses the doe in her arms; the young ones are busy enough in a huge dish that rests on a wooden bench, under which a noble dog reposes. The composition is very simple, but very sweet. It is one of those home-pictures that will delight all classes, because all may understand and appreciate it. The engraving is in progress by Thomas Landseer, and it promises to be worthy of the original: the etching is a bold and firm outline, and yet possesses considerable delicacy. The print will be of good size, but not so large as to be inconvenient for the portfolio, or costly for framing.

THE WESLEYAN CENTENARY PICTURE. Painted by C. A. DUVAL. Engraving by C. E. WAGSTAFF.

The world has heard of the Wesleyan Centenary. The members of the society met to celebrate its foundation; to do honour to the memory of its founder; and to raise a fund for increasing its power. They procured, we believe, an enormous sum; and we have no doubt that proportionate good will follow. The principal assemblage of its ministers and leaders took place at Manchester; and Mr. Agnew, the publisher of that town, has undertaken to commemorate the event by issuing a print that shall contain portraits of all the more prominent persons who took parts in the ceremony. The scene represents the interior of Oldham-street Chapel; the portraits of 100 persons are introduced. The work will be a valuable acquisition to a most numerous and respectable class—a class too among whom, we rejoice to say, the Fine Arts have of late years made progress.

THE HAWKING PARTY IN THE OLDEN TIME. E. LANDSEER, R.A. C. G. LEWIS.

Publishers of late, seem ambitious to commemorate events of 'the olden time.' We rejoice at this, for it enables them to blend domestic with historical interest, and the poetry with the actual of life. The original of this print, an etching of which has just been produced by Mr. Lewis, is one of Mr. Landseer's earlier works; it is a fine, vigorous, and accurate representation of a stirring scene—the most exciting of all our field sports, but one which, unfortunately, has long ceased to be familiar to us, except through the pictures of the artist and the writings of the poet. 'Hawking' belongs exclusively to the 'olden time'; the heron has flapped his heavy wing, comparatively unmolested over our morasses, ever since

"That villainous salt-petre hath been dug
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth."

We have here a huge marsh, with a small hillock, which the 'party' are ascending to receive the victim and greet the victor. The chief point in the picture is the heron, in whose breast the fierce hawk has fixed his beak and talons; both are falling through the air. Few of Mr. Landseer's paintings contain more sterling proofs of his peculiar talent. The struggle is so vivid as to be almost real. The print will be a very valuable one, to the sportsman more especially, but also to all who can estimate a very triumph in this department of the art.

LISBON FROM THE TAGUS. Engraving by JOHN WOODS, from a drawing by G. F. SARGENT.

Mr. Sargent is very favourably known to the public as one of the few artists who have executed admirable drawings on wood; his designs in several publications—"Greece," published by Mr. Orr, and "Shakspeare," by C. Knight, in particular—have established for him a very high reputation, as an accurate and accomplished draughtsman. He was, we understand, for a considerable time, a resident in the capital of Portugal; and we have no doubt that the work he is about to issue—on a scale of some magnitude—will obtain for him the character he naturally covets. The picture is exhibiting (free) at Mr. Bell's, bookseller, 186, Fleet-street.

DYCE'S REPORT TO THE BOARD OF
TRADE,
ON FOREIGN SCHOOLS OF DESIGN FOR MANUFACTURES.

Mr. DYCE's official visit to France, Prussia, and Bavaria, for the purpose of examining the state of schools of design in those countries, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. His Report on this subject was ordered to be printed some few months since, on the motion of Mr. Hume; and it is the sum and substance of this Report that we are now about to lay before our own especial portion of the reading public.

The schools of art in France are supported partly by the State and partly by municipalities, or else they are private establishments assisted by the municipalities. The only establishment supported entirely by the State is the Ecole des Beaux Arts, of Paris. The academies of Dijon, Nancy, Strasbourg, Lyons, &c. &c., are but slightly assisted by the Government, and that, because these schools of design being limited to the improvement of art in such branches of industry as are peculiar to the localities wherein they are established, it is considered but reasonable that the manufacturers, who profit by them, should contribute to their support. Thus, the municipality of Lyons defrays the greater portion of the expenses of its school; because this school, so far as it relates to industry (for it is also an academy of fine art), does so only in regard to designs for silk fabrics, which is the staple manufacture of the town. The object of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, on the contrary, being considered a national one, in which all participate, is supported entirely by the public purse.

The two principal schools of design supported partly by the State and partly by municipalities, are that of Lyons, just alluded to, and the Ecole Gratuite, of Paris. The private schools of design assisted by municipalities are four—all in Paris: two under M. Charlier; one under M. Dupuis; and one under M. Sequien. The last has the most direct reference to industry, but relates solely to the fabric of bronzes. The condition on which these establishments receive assistance from the municipalities is, that of their being open at certain hours to the public, either gratuitously, or on the payment of very small sums—that of M. Sequien, for example, is open to the public in the evenings, at the charge of two francs per month.

The Ecole Gratuite, of Paris, was founded in 1767, under the title of "Ecole Royale Gratuite de Dessin, de Mathematiques, de Construction, et de Sculpture d'Ornement, en faveur de Metiers relatifs aux Arts." It was intended principally to benefit the porcelain, tapestry, and carpet manufactures, the fabric of bronzes, and other branches of industry practised in and about Paris. This school, with the exception of an increased number of professors, and the opening of an evening class in 1838, remains as it was at its foundation.

The instructions are divided into three principal sections, namely—1. Mathematics and Architecture; 2. Design; 3. Sculpture of Ornament.

The first section includes architecture and architectural design, stonemasonry, and carving; wood-cutting and carpentry; arithmetic, geometry, and book-keeping. The second section comprises copying lithographs, &c. of the human figure, animals, ornaments, and flowers; historical study of ornament, drawing from plaster casts, and drawing after nature. The section of sculpture divides its studies into modelling from copies in plaster of the human figure and ornament; ditto from living plants, and composition of ornament.

The morning school consists of pupils from seven to fifteen years of age; the evening of those above the latter age, and who are principally engaged in trades. The average attendance in the morning school is 150 a day; in the evening it is much greater, but fluctuates: about 1000 pupils are annually entered on the books. The hours are, in summer, from eight to twelve; in winter, from nine to one; and in the evening, from seven to nine throughout the year.

The instruction is wholly gratuitous, as the title of the school implies; but a subscriber of forty francs per annum has the right of recommending a pupil, who is furnished with mathematical instruments, paper, chalks, &c., by the institution; otherwise the pupils furnish themselves with these matters. The government of the school is vested in a council of twelve members, selected from the

notabilities of Paris. The functions of these gentlemen are honorary. The school is not well accommodated in its present building; but many doubts are entertained as to its real utility, and there seems little disposition to make improvements.

The school of St. Peter, at Lyons, was founded about 1750, for the instruction of draftsmen employed in preparing patterns for the silk manufacture. It has been much more successful than the Paris school; and having been disorganized by the revolution, was restored by Napoleon and differently constituted, being then erected into an Academy of Fine Art: to which the study of design for silk manufacture was merely attached as a subordinate branch.

It appears that all the students who enter the school commence as if they were intended for artists in the higher sense of the word, and are not expected to decide as to whether they will devote themselves to the Fine Arts or to Industrial Design, until after they have completed their exercises in the drawing and painting of the figure from the antique and from the living model. It is for this reason, and from the fact that artists for industrial purposes are both well-paid and highly considered (as being well-instructed men), that so many individuals in France engage themselves in both pursuits.

Those, however, who decide on devoting all their attention to design for manufacture, go from the class of architecture and ornamental design to that of *La mise en carte*, or the Theory of Loom Manufacture, and that of the painting of flowers from copies and from nature. In the study of ancient ornament, arabesques, &c., one year is employed; in flower painting, two years; and in the theory of manufacture, an indefinite period; the two latter most frequently go together, as constituting strictly the whole study of design for silk fabrics. The hours are from nine to two each day, from Nov. 1st to March 31st; and from April 1st to August 31st, from eight till one; at this latter period there is a vacation of two months. The class of the living model is open every evening from five till seven. It is superintended by the professors of painting for the figure, of engraving, and of sculpture alternately. A course of lectures on anatomy, as applied to the arts, is given once a week; also a course of practical geometry; the latter being conducted with open doors.

The mayor of Lyons nominates the pupils, always preferring the children of manufacturers or those destined to the silk trade. Candidates send their names to the secretary of the Palace of Arts; the following being the conditions of entrance:—The pupil must be fourteen years old, and of French birth; he must have been vaccinated or had the small-pox; some known inhabitant of Lyons must become responsible for him; he must be able to read and write, and must know the first four rules of arithmetic; he is bound to devote to study whatever time is fixed by the school for that purpose.

The annual cost of the school is 28,580 francs, of which 3100 only are given by the State.

It is a well-known fact, that a designer of industry, in France, is better paid than a second-rate artist. This acts as a check on the ambition of becoming an artist, which has been considered by many as a probability liable to make the introduction of schools for Industrial Design objectionable in our own country, where the temptation to this would be much stronger than in France. That this objection, however, is totally groundless, it would be perfectly easy to demonstrate, were this the place for introducing the argument.

Manufacturers are aware that the defects of a pattern for silk-weaving become apparent only in the working, and here the French artisan has a decided advantage over the English. The designer, a person always in the confidence of, and very highly paid by, the manufacturer, is at hand to watch the effect and direct the changes. Again, these patterns presented in silk are naturally preferred to the English ones shown on paper only: their effect still an uncertainty; and besides this, the French manufacturer having looms constructed for the making of patterns only, is enabled to bring these to a much higher degree of perfection than his English competitor can attain to.

The difference in the French and English methods of proceeding as to ornamental design, will be more obvious from the following anecdote,

the authenticity of which may be depended on:—A few years since there came to this country a French manufacturer of paper-hangings, bringing with him the indispensable designer, a man of great talent: the workmen being English. The designer proceeding as usual to watch against injury to his designs from the unskillfulness of workmen, insisted that the tints employed should correspond exactly with those in his pattern, and required that no colour should be changed but in accordance with his directions—nothing could be more reasonable—yet the workmen instantly struck. They had been accustomed to make up their tints in large quantities; they had never used but three greens or two reds, two yellows, and so on. They were accustomed to make certain changes only in the arrangement of their colours, and were resolved on refusing submission to the caprice of a Frenchman, who seemed to think there were as many colours as days in the year (the heavy crime!), and who insisted on minute variations of tint never before used in the trade, and of which they could see no use. The manufacturer was accordingly compelled to give up his attempt, and the improvement that might have resulted to our own manufacturers from his example was lost.

In Prussia, the system of art education now followed, has been pursued for about fourteen years; it consists of three sections, viz.—primary or elementary instruction; secondary or normal ditto; and academical, in the schools of fine art.

The two principal elementary schools are under the immediate superintendence of the Royal Academies of Berlin and Düsseldorf; these are open to all classes without restriction, though intended principally for those who mean to enter the higher schools of the academies. The average sum demanded from each pupil is four thalers, about 12s. annually; but even this is dispensed with in cases of indigence. The classes are—drawing from the antique; modelling from ditto; and geometrical and architectural drawing. There is beside, at Düsseldorf, a Sunday school, wherein the poorer classes are taught gratuitously. About twenty of these elementary schools have been established by the Government in different towns, the principal of them are those at Breslau, Dantzig, Erfurt, Magdeburg, Königsburg, and Cologne. The pupils, who are mostly poor, receive pecuniary assistance, if they show aptitude in their studies; and, in cases of remarkable distinction, are sent to complete their artistic education in the metropolis, with pensions sometimes as high as 300 thalers a year.

Of Schools for Artisans there are two: the Gewerb-Institut, our best translation of which would be School of Industry, and the Ban-Akademie,—or Building Academy,—both at Berlin. The first object of the Gewerb-Institut is to create a race of intelligent and highly-instructed artisans, whose influence shall be beneficial to the manufactures of their respective districts. Most of the pupils enter with high recommendations from the elementary schools; and the full development of whatever ability they may have displayed, not by partial means, but by an admirable and extended system of education, is the great purpose of the Gewerb-Institut, which, being intended for the advancement of manufactures generally, applies its studies to all the branches of science or art which in any way conduce to that end.

This school did at one time possess a Life Academy, but this was discontinued on account of the expense; and such pupils as are declared competent by the professors, now have the privilege of attending the School of the Living Model, at the Royal Academy. All the pupils, however, after the preparatory exercises in architectural and other ornaments, must go through a course of study of the human figure.

The Gewerb-Institut is under the sanction of the Minister of Commerce. Prizes of silver or copper medals are periodically awarded. On the conclusion of their studies, the pupils receive a recommendation from the director to the heads of the various branches of industry to which they have devoted themselves, and are always received in preference to all others. The average expense of the establishment is £3000 per annum, besides a very large building, accorded by the Government for its multifarious purposes.

Exhibitions of specimens of various manufac-

tures are held from time to time in Berlin, and any striking improvement is rewarded by medals, or other marks of approbation. The public are admitted on payment of 6d. each person, and the profits are divided among the provincial schools or individual exhibitors, in exact proportion with the merits of each. Our readers are doubtless aware that an exhibition of this kind exists (with certain differences) in France. It takes place at Paris once in every three years, and has been found strongly stimulant to the invention and industry of French artisans. What should prevent our own people from profiting by a similar means of emulation and improvement, were it once offered them? We know nothing whatever that could do so, and should greatly like to see the experiment tried.

The plans for general instruction in Bavaria have been principally devised by his present Majesty. They are in all respects of great merit; but it is with the 5th and 6th sections—namely, the Technical or Industrial, combined with Scientific Instruction, and the Technical, combined with Popular Instruction, that we have to do. The purposes of these sections will be best defined by quoting the edict of April, 1836, which states them to be—“1. To prepare for the education of artists. 2. To form public offices for mining, architecture, salt-works, and the management of forests. 3. To educate pupils for various professions, such as civil engineers, machine-makers, &c. And 4. To prepare for the more skillful exercise of handicrafts, the more successful management of manufactories, and the better cultivation of the soil.”

Schools of various kinds are established for the furtherance of these purposes,—of these the Polytechnic School embraces the higher branches of industrial studies, and commences that artistic education which, if meant to be applied to the fine arts exclusively, is terminated in the Royal Academy of Munich.

Holiday Schools are established throughout the kingdom for those whose leisure does not serve for more frequent attendance: in that of Nuremberg the branches of instruction are, drawing; modelling in wax and clay; engraving on steel, copper, and wood; moulding plaster and clay; casting, chiselling, and chasing metal.

The expenses of the Polytechnic School of Munich are defrayed by the nation: they amount to 14,000 florins yearly.

In Saxony there has been established within the last four years, an institution resembling the Gewerb-Institut of Berlin; an annual exhibition of arts and manufactures has also been opened, but the effect of these attempts has scarcely yet begun to be felt.

In conclusion, Mr. Dyce inquires—“Do the foreign schools, either, singly, present a model which it might be safe to follow in organizing the government one at Somerset-house; or, collectively, do they exhibit any common character or principle which would seem to determine the precise character of the institution which is required for the education of designers for manufacture.”

And he replies to the effect, that none of the establishments examined by him “exactly answers, taken singly, to the proposed nature of the school lately founded under the government auspices; the Prussian and Bavarian schools being more extended, and the French more limited in their operations than is consistent with the objects that our Government has in view.” But taken collectively, Mr. Dyce would seem to say that these schools are strongly and beneficially influential on the respective manufactures to which the studies pursued in them apply, not only by the assistance such studies give directly to the said arts and manufactures, but even still more so, by the cultivation indirectly afforded to the public taste from the education on all points received by its artisans and manufacturers; and not only by these, but by the consumers of their products, who are thus in a condition to estimate and appreciate to a nicety what the highly-cultivated taste and well-instructed talent of the first mentioned have produced.

This, if we understand Mr. Dyce rightly, is the conclusion to which he has arrived, but there is a certain degree of confusion in the statements of his report; and it is not impossible that, however carefully we have sought his meaning, it may sometimes have escaped us.

CHIT CHAT.

ART-UNION PRINTS.—The committee of the London Art-Union have decided on engraving Mr. Charles Landseer's picture of ‘The Tired Huntsman;’ it is to be executed in the line manner by Mr. H. C. Shenton—an artist whose reputation is not as yet established, and who, if we were to judge from what he has hitherto produced, would not seem to have been wisely selected from the competitors. He has, however, recently furnished a print for publication in the ‘Gallery of British Art,’ that justifies the choice of the society; and we venture to anticipate that his work will be altogether satisfactory. The mezzotinto print by Mr. Lucas, from Mr. Lee's picture of ‘a River Scene in Devonshire,’ has been issued to the members; it is by no means a valuable acquisition; and in no degree lessens our doubts as to the policy of thus augmenting portfolios. The sole purpose of these societies is to promote the interests of British Art—first, by purchasing the productions of, and so aiding, artists; and next, by cultivating the national taste, so that the public may learn to recognize and appreciate excellence. Do these publications advance either object? Let us enquire. Prints are in progress by the Art-Unions in London (the two societies), in Scotland (the two societies), in Dublin, and in Manchester; and the cost of them, including paper and print, may be safely calculated at £4000—a sum to be deducted from the amount subscribed for the promotion of art in Great Britain. But this disadvantage would be of little or no moment, if the prints were so pure in character as to introduce, or at all events, improve, a taste for that which is excellent—out of which a more general excellence in the professors of art would be sure to proceed. Hitherto, in this respect, the plan has failed utterly. In truth, the foundation is rotten, and the structure cannot be secure. The committees act upon the principle that they must, of necessity, engrave one of the works selected as prizes.* They imagine also that the subscribers will complain, if their acquisition do not appear to be worth a guinea—that is to say, if it be not as large as guinea prints usually are. The consequence is, that no publication hitherto send forth by them—if we except that of the ‘Trial of Shakspeare’—has tended to advance art an inch, or to foster the growing taste for art in the public. The evil is to our own minds very great—and yet it is one for which there is a ready remedy. It may be, we believe it is, desirable that subscribers should be tempted by the certainty that if they fail in obtaining a prize their guineas will not be sacrificed; but they value the prints so obtained, chiefly because to them they belong exclusively; and we venture to assert, without the fear of contradiction, they would estimate far more highly a small print, very exquisitely wrought, than they will these large masses of black and white, “engraved for the members of the Art-Union.” It is, however, chiefly to the choice of subjects we would direct the attention of the committees. The whole range of British art should be left open to them; they should select the works of the painters who are neglected by the publishers—neglected, not because their productions are below, but because they are above the standard of excellence by which the public, at present, judges. The greatest artists of our age and country are precisely those of which the nation knows least. Of the works of Hilton lately exhibited, two only have been engraved: the ‘Comus,’ ‘Lear,’ ‘Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children,’ ‘Una,’ ‘Rebecca at the Well,’

* The Dublin Society, by the way, is an exception to the rule. The print engraving by Mr. Ryall, from the drawing of Mr. Burton, ‘The Blind Girl at a Holy Well,’ was a private purchase.

'Sir Calapine,' &c. &c., are familiar to very few. We might name many other painters, who, because they have eschewed the creation of pretty pictures, and laboured to elevate the mind of the country, have not invited offers from publishers—who only consider what publications will bring a sure and speedy return, and care nothing whether the thing they circulate improves the taste or debases it. This matter seems to us, just now, of such vital importance that we shall recur to it again and again.

SCHOOLS OF ARCHITECTURE.—Government has at length come to the determination that a civil architect's department shall be instituted at each of Her Majesty's dock-yards, and has confided the general superintendence to Captain Brandreth of the Royal Engineers. Lieutenant William Dennison is to be at the head of the Woolwich department. Colonel Pasley, who has already done so much to induce a study of constructive science in his corps at Chatham, must not be omitted in the arrangements. The establishment of a professorship of architecture and constructive science at King's College, London, is a subject for warm congratulation. Mr. William Hosking has been appointed to it, and we shall look eagerly for his first lectures. With regard to architecture at the Royal Academy, it is to be hoped that Mr. Cockerell will not allow a slur to rest there any longer; but that he will this season appear before the students as professor, and urge the importance of that art to which he is known to be devoted. Many a long day has elapsed since architecture found a tongue there.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.—Strenuous endeavours are now being made to fill up the list of shareholders in the company by which this building is to be erected. In 1838, one thousand and forty-three shares of £25 each were subscribed for; but at the present time, when matters are ripe for carrying out the design, it is found that the committee cannot rely on receiving the calls on more than 740 of these. As the cost of the building will be £35,000, including £5000 for an organ and furniture, the number of shares required is 1400, so that 660 additional shares must be subscribed for before the project can be carried out. Concerning the design selected we have already more than once spoken. There is to be accommodation in the main hall for 3000 persons, and there is to be a concert room, capable of holding 1000 persons,—applicable also for lectures and smaller meetings. The site is now definitely settled, and will not be interfered with by the proposed Law-Courts; which however will be built on the same plot of land, namely, where the Old Infirmary stood.

MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.—The subject last proposed by this society for the drawings to be sent in competition for their annual testimonial was, a design for an edifice in honour of eminent British artists. Four designs have been received, and Messrs. Cockerell, T. L. Donaldson, and George Godwin, have been requested to adjudicate. The continued and successful efforts made by the Manchester Society to serve art deserve the highest praise.

STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—We have received several communications, complaining of the method which has been adopted for obtaining tenders for executing the windows, from various dealers in glass, as well as from artists themselves, and leading to the inference that it will be a mere trade matter, and of no benefit to art. Mr. Edward Blore is the architect employed, and we do therefore hope that the result will be such as should be wished for, and that our correspondents will be pleasantly deceived. We shall not fail, however, to investigate the circumstances, as such an opportunity to encourage the art of glass painting may not again occur speedily.

THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

In a former article on German art, we spoke of Peter Cornelius, his genius and his works; the present we mean to devote to a name not less distinguished—that of Julius Schnorr. If the works of Cornelius bear a peculiar stamp of power and genius, those of Schnorr are alike impressed by a grace and charm especially his own. Julius Schnorr comes of a race who had already been benefactors to art. One of his ancestors was the discoverer of the clay used in the manufacture of the porcelain of Meissen. His father is director of the Academy of Leipsic, and his elder brother, Louis, is an artist at Vienna. One of the works of Louis, 'Faust and Mephistophiles,' is in the Belvedere Gallery; and one of his best pictures is in the possession of the Solms family. Many of his drawings are in the collection of the Archduke Charles; and he is also an engraver in aquafortis and on stone. A younger brother, likewise devoted to the arts, died early.

Julius Schnorr was born at Leipsic in 1794. He had the peculiar happiness of being imbued with the love of art from infancy; and he had already mastered many mechanical difficulties in his profession at a period of life when others are only preparing to encounter them. At nine years old he drew from anatomical models; and at fourteen he had engraved on slate 'The Death of the Queen of the Amazons.' Benvenuto Cellini was his favourite book. He continued his studies under his father till 1811; when, in his eighteenth year, he went to Vienna, to study at the Academy there, which had just passed from the direction of Fugger, who had so long presided over it, to that of Zauner. This Academy followed the principles of Mengs; and the works of this school were said to combine the design of Raffaele, the colouring of Titian, the disposition of lights of Correggio; and yet these works were distinguished principally by being very meagre productions. Why has an attempt to follow purely classical models been so often attended with the same result? We shall not pretend to reply. But the genius of Schnorr soon perceived the false direction of his studies, and he turned to those early masters from whom the greatest artists the world has ever seen themselves drew their first inspirations.

It is singular how, in other parts of Germany, a similar taste at the same time manifested itself; and it has been the signal of the regeneration of art in that country. It is true, this fountain of renewed youth for the arts has not been unmingled with some elements of error; for we find the very faults of the early masters exaggerated by the new school. But here, also, a new race of students begin to perceive and correct these faults; and Art, we trust, will remain always free from the dictum of Academies, while the errors prone to steal on every system long pursued are thus from time to time perceived and revolted against.

The first compositions of Schnorr did not promise anything extraordinary. They had the style and character of Academy pictures, coldly correct to the precepts of his instructors; but he had acquired also the power of seizing and representing objects with singular truth and quickness, and a depth of anatomical learning possessed but by few. Thus prepared, there was yet required the touch of some enchanter to call into life this powerful genius. It came, but how we cannot explain; and such changes are not unexampled in the history of art. Schnorr all at once stood forth the great artist the world has continued to acknowledge him to be. He began to compose with a flow of idea and invention such as has been, as it were, the language in which great artists have expressed their thoughts in all time. In landscape his manner also changed to a grander style, which has ever since been the character of his works in landscape. The relations of Schnorr with the poet Zacharias Werner, though passing, may have given an impulse to the development of the poetry of his genius; his intimacy with Joseph Koch, and still more the encouragement given to him by Olivier, who very early discerned his great talents, may have contributed to the rapidity we have noticed in his progress. Such at least are the only external causes we have been able to trace as leading to his sudden advance in art. This advancement was not without occasional reaction; but the vigour and purity of his genius always triumphed, and these occasional

retrograde steps became new starting-places for his improvement.

It was at Rome, in 1818, that he became acquainted with the Prince Royal of Bavaria; and in the same year the Marquis Massini conceived the idea of adorning his villa with Frescoes. Schnorr was engaged to represent the subjects from Ariosto; those from Dante were to be the work of Peter Cornelius, and later of Philip Weit; Tasso fell to the share of Overbeck. Of all the works of Schnorr, these Frescoes, in our eyes, possess in the highest degree that secret charm which is peculiarly his own. In 1827 he went to Munich, to occupy the chair of a Professor of the Academy, and to begin the Cartoons for the Frescoes of the Niebelungen, which he had two years before received the King's commands to execute. Schnorr has painted a few pictures in oil; but it is to the Frescoes, with the labours preparatory to them, compositions, cartoons, drawings, that the greater part of his professional life has been devoted.

We believe the following list includes almost the whole of his oil pictures:—'Jacob and Rachel,' in the possession of the Queen Dowager of Bavaria; at Vienna he painted, for Counsellor Weigel, of Leipsic, 'Saint Roch distributing Alms,' for M. Quandt, of Dresden, 'A Holy Family,' for M. Speck, of 'A subject from Ariosto,' at Rome he painted, for M. Quandt, 'A Madonna, and a 'Portrait of Victoria,' a beauty of Albania, so celebrated by artists as the fair Albanese; for Lord Cathcart, 'The Marriage of Cana,' and this has been, we believe, the most admired of his oil pictures. He also executed, at Rome, one of the nine subjects from the life of Christ, to which so many artists then resident at Rome contributed; amongst others, Philip Weit, Overbeck, Olivier, and Eggers. The subject chosen by Schnorr was 'Christ blessing the Young Children.' These pictures belong to Baron Ambach, Canon of Wurzen. The last oil picture, and one of the most important he has executed, was painted a few years ago at Munich, 'The Death of Frederick Barbarossa.' It was painted by order of the Minister Stein, and is now in the possession of one of his daughters, the Countess Kilmanzegg. The size is ten feet in length by six in height, and the figures are a little smaller than life. In 1829, before commencing the Frescoes of the Castle, he painted a small picture, the subject of which is seen on one of the ornaments of the first piece of the Niebelungen—it represents 'The Poet of the Niebelungen seated between two allegorical figures, Poetry and History.' He painted also 'A Flight into Egypt,' for M. Rjis, of Frankfort.

The compositions drawn from Ariosto occupied Schnorr for five years. An account of them appeared in a series of articles published in the 'Morgenblatt.' They are eleven in number. The Niebelungen form a long series of pictures of different dimensions. To this poem the attention of modern literature has been strongly directed—it is the well-spring of the romantic, the Iliad and Odyssey of the Germans; and since they have ceased to be Greeks, Romans, or Arabs, their sympathies have been strongly drawn to it. It is the glory of Schnorr that he has made it known to all the world in a language all can comprehend, that of painting; and has surrounded it with majestic grace suited to its subjects. In examining in detail these works, it seems to us that nothing can be more finely imagined than the simplicity of the idea in the first piece; but we could have wished the details more true to the general plan. The execution appears to us worthy the importance of the subject, and justifies the taste of the King in the choice he has made of the artist to whom he confided it.

Party spirit and criticism will vainly seize on a figure or a situation, and seek to show they might have been better represented—probably every one forms in his own mind a different idea of the personages of the poem; and different also must be the views of the characteristics of the nation itself at so remote a period. But it is certain that these pictures are noble and imposing in their general effect, and essentially German in their poetic aspect. In their details we find beauties within the reach of but few artists of the present day. The harmony of the idea is complete in all these pieces. In that which serves as an introduction to the work, the most remarkable personages in the poem are represented singly. We see there, Hagen, Volker, and Dankwart—all warriors, the

last a warrior and bard. These works have been interrupted, in order to obey another command of the King, which has also for its object historical subjects belonging to the national glories of Germany. In three halls of a wing of the castle are to be depicted subjects from the life of Charlemagne, of Frederick Barbarossa, and Rodolph of Hapsburg. To these also the talents of Schnorr are to be devoted.

If we examine the works of Schnorr we shall find that the character of his mind is serious and reflective, and that force is less the attribute of his genius than grace, and that peculiar charm we have before mentioned. It has been said by artists of Munich, "Das talent das Schnorr ist mehr lieblicher natur." Most of our English readers will find for themselves a better word to express the German "lieblicher" than we can do. We consider that style is, in some degree, inseparable from the disposition of an artist. Efforts often fail, but the inspiration that springs from the natural bent of the character is almost sure of success; this is true of Schnorr—a certain nobleness is innate in him, and his figures seldom fail to exhibit this quality. Force and expression are also found in many of his works, in a manner that both captivates and satisfies the mind; for an example of this we should cite the picture entitled, 'Cremhilda at the moment she perceives the Body of Siegfried lying on the Staircase.' The principal figures in these pictures are not always those which most powerfully awaken our sympathy; for instance, it is the young girl leaving the boat who most attracts us in the picture called 'The Arrival of Brunhilda,' and in that called 'The Return of Siegfried,' it is the prisoners, and especially the man leading the horse, that we most admire.

Schnorr has been reproached with giving to his female forms robust and inelegant proportions; but we do not consider the criticism to be a just one, nor could they have been otherwise so well represented. Those forms are not ignoble: they express vigour, health, and energy, such as became those who shared not only the exercises, but the fatigues and dangers of their husbands. More delicate and graceful figures may be found in the composition entitled, 'The Ondines of the Danube.' The compositions from Ariosto appear to us to have more freshness; those from the Niebelungen more grandeur,—perhaps because the first were the productions of the heart; the latter, of matured talent and reflection. The arrangement of the pieces of the Niebelungen appears to us excellent, proving how well Schnorr merits the chair of Professor of Composition in the academy. Schnorr paints landscape like a historical painter, giving nature a historical character; and his study of landscape has been eminently useful to him in various works,—certainly in 'The Arrival of Brunhilda.' The landscape is not the least interesting nor important part of the picture. The Album of Schnorr is one of the most interesting collections we have ever seen. His sketches from nature are in an unusual style, but only proving how various and beautiful are the paths an artist may select. M. de Quandt, of Dresden, possesses another album by Schnorr, which contains the first sketches for the Frescoes of the Villa Massini at Rome. We here conclude our brief account of Schnorr's works and genius. We anticipate increased pleasure in returning to this subject, because we consider him a constantly improving artist—the surest test that he is on the right road to excellence.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER.—The only one of the provincial exhibitions opened in time to notice this month, is that at Manchester. "The Exhibition of the Royal Manchester Institution" is the nineteenth; it contains 485 works; and, on the whole, though not so good as we expected it would have been, it may be described as satisfactory. A large proportion of its contents has been gleaned from the several galleries of the metropolis; but two or three of our leading artists have painted expressly for it. Among the works that, as most of our readers are familiar with them, require but a brief notice, are 'Landscape—Evening,' a richly poetic composition by T. C. Hoffland; 'a Mountaineer, son of a Brigand,' by E. Latilla; 'a Turkish Slave,' and 'Olympia Colonna seeking refuge at an altar in St.

Peter's,' by F. Y. Hurlstone; 'Maiden Meditation,' by J. Philip; 'Fort Rouge,' by H. Gritten, Jun.; 'The Sybil,' by H. O'Neil; 'A German Tea-garden,' by Von Holst; 'Somerset, from the Cheddar Hills,' by J. B. Pine; 'Melody,' by J. P. Knight; and 'Lear and Cordelia,' by E. M. Ward. It will thus be seen that the committee have not been successful in gathering a rich store from the metropolis; and that contributions have been supplied by very few of our more eminent painters. Among the works we encountered for the first time are, No. 4. 'Cromwell's Troopers gambling for Church property in the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral,' by C. Landseer, A.R.A. This is a small but excellent picture, and worthy of the artist's reputation; the story is finely and forcibly told—a touching episode is introduced, where a fair young girl bends over the straw-couch of her wounded father. No. 21. 'Near Eareth,' is a fine and vigorous landscape, by J. Tennant; who enriches the collection by several admirable productions. No. 39. 'Alpine Mastiffs,' by J. Maiden (an artist, we believe, native of Manchester), is a work of great promise, if, indeed, we may not characterise it as one of great performance. There are few who can paint the noble animal with more force and truth. The background, too, is skillfully and carefully pictured; although properly subdued, so that the dogs of St. Bernard stand out in well-merited prominence. We cannot doubt that the painter is destined to occupy a foremost station in art. No. 59. 'Near Henley,' by A. Priest, is a landscape of great merit, and one that goes far to atone for the slovenliness the artist has manifested in his later works. He exhibits in this collection others so inferior, as to induce a doubt whether they can be by the same hand. No. 67. 'Moonlight—Tantallen Castle, with Smugglers landing a Cargo,' J. W. Carmichael; and No. 68. 'Town and Chateau of Pau,' by W. Oliver, are both pictures of considerable ability; although strong contrasts in style and character. No. 72. 'The Unhappy Hounds,' by T. Woodward, is a capital bit. The dogs have been shut in while their fellows are coursing over hills and heaths. No. 106. 'On the Scheldt, near Antwerp,' by H. Lancaster, is a finely arranged and carefully as well as vigorously painted landscape. No. 129. 'Cheerfulness,' and No. 301. 'Sadness,' two clever and characteristic fancy portraits, by H. MacManus, R.H.A. No. 153. 'Market-day,' T. Creswick. A work of the best class; interesting in subject and most meritorious in execution. It is of a large size; and will be considered foremost among the attractions of the exhibition. No. 168. 'View on the River Esk,' T. M. Richardson, Sen., and No. 170. 'Village of Liddes,' T. M. Richardson, Jun. There are several productions by these accomplished landscape-painters; and all of them are of high value; they have long taken a lead among the artists of the provinces; and they continue to be unsurpassed by many out of the metropolis. No. 220. 'Corn-field on the Medway,' by W. Fowler. An admirable picture; a wise choice of subject; painted with great skill; and manifesting continual and accurate study of nature. No. 272. 'Rummaging Grandmamma's Wardrobe,' T. Clater. A clever and agreeable picture. A pair of light hearted maidens are ransacking the stores of the old lady, who totters in from the background to spoil their enjoyment. No. 349. 'Looking from Ben-Lomond and Stirling,' Miss C. Nasmyth. In the collection there are several pictures by this accomplished lady; they establish her right to the honourable name she bears. No. 353. 'Composition, from the Woods at Whillingham, near Norwich—Moonlight,' by J. B. Crome. An excellent picture; equal, if it be not superior to any work of the same class by the same able artist; who continues without a rival in a peculiar department of the art. No. 383. 'Monks of St. Bernard rescuing Travellers,' Mrs. McLan. This is a very remarkable production; and will certainly excite general attention. It tells a story with strong effect and great pathos; and supplies proof of a fine imagination as well as of a knowledge of art. One of the principal figures, that of the female, is perhaps awkwardly placed; a degree of grace, even under such awful circumstances, is not only admissible but perfectly natural; and the child in her arms impairs instead of increases the value of the composition. It is, however, a work of

considerable ability—which may bear to be objected to in some parts. Our notice will not go far to establish our assertion that the exhibition is, on the whole, satisfactory; for although we mention so few of the pictures, we have referred to nearly all that merit attention. It is nevertheless an improvement on that of last year; we trust that the next will greatly surpass it.

BRISTOL.—The Bristol Society of Artists have opened their tenth annual exhibition, containing 276 works of art, and presenting an evident improvement on former years, so far, at least, as local artists are concerned. The contributions from the metropolis are not of that character which we have sometimes seen; but this must be regarded as a favourable indication rather than otherwise; the inference being, when taken in conjunction with what has been observed elsewhere, that fewer good pictures remained unsold at the London exhibitions of last season than usual. J. Curnock exhibits portraits of the Rev. T. Grinfield (32), the late Mr. Ariel, Esq. (65), and nine others, of very superior merit, entitling him to take a good place in his profession. G. A. Tripp has four pictures which are worthy of examination, especially 'A View near Swansea' (79), and 'Scene in a Glen, Pont y Towry, near Swansea' (128). B. A. Howe, in No. 53, 'Portrait of a Newfoundland Dog,' gives promise of much future excellence in the department he has chosen. No. 81, 'Summer,' by H. Hewitt, shows much talent. No. 101, by H. B. Willis, 'View near Coalpit Heath,' is a very pretty picture; and the same may be said of No. 121, 'Venetian Boats, near the Lido,' by C. Branwhite; No. 149, 'Conway Castle,' by E. Childe; and No. 217, 'The Good Tenant,' by M. H. Holmes. S. Jackson, in No. 186 (among several others), 'Snowdon and Lyn Cwellin, from the rise above Nant Mill,' maintains his reputation as a landscape draughtsman. S. C. Jones has eight pictures, amongst which No. 171, 'Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle, Perthshire,' and No. 180, 'Tower at Anderach,' may be specially mentioned. E. J. Müller has made great advances in his art. No. 153, 'The Severn, from Kingsweston,' and No. 182, 'Ivy Bridge, Coombe, near Westbury,' are very beautiful drawings. 'Wunnenberg, in the Valley of the Moselle,' is very cleverly managed. Amongst the pictures by London artists, and which, for the most part, have been mentioned elsewhere in our pages, T. Von Holst's 'Bettina' (103), and 'Eudora' (206), stand conspicuous. This painter possesses talents of no common order. 'Grace Darling,' by H. B. Parker (106), 'Estella introducing Gil Blas to Marialva,' by T. M. Joy (143), and 'The Nave of Llantony Abbey,' by H. Gattineau, also occupy prominent places.

In connexion with the exhibition, the Committee of the Bristol Art-Union have issued their prospectus, and reminding their fellow-citizens of the advantages which followed the establishment of the Society last year, have called upon them earnestly for support. We trust sincerely, and indeed feel assured, that the appeal will not be made in vain. With regard to *Architecture* in Bristol, few works are at present in progress; the new Cemetery, which is in the Italian style, and the Railway Terminus, in a late style of pointed architecture, are amongst the most recent erections. The latter is designed by Mr. Fripp (under Mr. Brunel's name), and is not ineffective, although the details are somewhat broad and coarse. Two new churches are about to be built in the suburbs of Bristol, the design for one only, however, is yet settled on.

The Art-Union of London, in pursuance of their intention of obtaining local secretaries in all the provincial towns, have appointed Mr. William Ringer, of Belle Vue, Clifton, for Bristol and its neighbourhood.

LIVERPOOL.—The exhibition at Liverpool was fixed to open yesterday, the 14th of September; some delays had occurred which prevented the arrangements from being completed earlier. From the list of pictures supplied, a large proportion of which have obtained applause in the Metropolis, we do not hesitate to say that it will be the best that has yet been held in that town—the best, perhaps, that has ever taken place out of London. It may be, and we think will be, objected to that it contains too many works of a large size; and that, consequently, so many "sales" will not be

effected. We trust, however, that efforts will be made to keep up the character that Liverpool has of late years maintained. It may interest our readers to be informed as to the returns since 1834, previous to which comparatively nothing was done for art by the wealthiest port of Great Britain:—

In 1834 the sales amounted to	1174
1835	2500
1836	2700
1837	2500
1838	3300

In 1839, there was some increase over the amount of 1838.

We shall, of course, supply ourselves with a detailed notice of the exhibition of 1840.

A full length portrait of the Mayor of Liverpool, Sir Joshua Walmsley, has been recently presented by a body of subscribers to his lady. It is painted by Mr. Illidge, a Liverpool artist of very great ability, and is unquestionably a work of the highest merit.

EDINBURGH.—The foundation stone for the monument of Sir Walter Scott has been laid with great ceremony, and in the presence of a concourse of enthusiastic spectators. The statue is by Mr. Steel, and is to be executed for £2000; the architectural portion is estimated at £12,200, of which there is yet a deficiency of between £2000 and £3000, which will, no doubt, be immediately raised for so desirable an object.

THE NELSON COLUMN.

ALTHOUGH nothing is yet decisively known as to the intentions of the committee, we cannot avoid congratulating our readers upon the *probability* even, that the absurd and ruinous intention of placing this monstrous nine-pin, this portion of a portico, this *disjectum membrum*, in Trafalgar-square, may, after all, not be consummated. Almost alone we have continued, from the moment that the committee made their selection, to draw the attention of the public to the want of judgment which characterized their proceedings, and to point out the destructive effect which a column of the contemplated size would necessarily produce on the edifices. "All the buildings around" we wrote many months ago, "will be lessened in apparent magnitude full five-and-twenty per cent.: the one huge column in the centre having the same influence on the mind of the spectator as would be caused by the introduction of the figure of a man four times the ordinary height in an architectural drawing made to a certain scale." Now, however, at the last moment (a moment almost *too* late, it is to be feared), when all the arrangements have been completed, and some thousands of pounds spent in the commencement of the works, the majority of the periodical press have opened upon the subject, and are echoing and re-echoing our statements and opinions long ago expressed. Our esteemed contemporary of *The Literary Gazette* in especial, has put forth, in four consecutive numbers, a pungent review of the Report just now published for the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the plan for laying out the vacant space in Trafalgar-square, and a powerful protest against the erection of the column in the proposed situation. Our reason for referring to it, however, is simply to state modestly, that our contemporary must not take unto himself the credit of being the first to awaken attention to the subject; and further, to urge earnestly, as we have before urged, that the press should not remain silent on matters of Art until interference is useless,—as is too much their wont,—but raise their powerful voices in time, and boldly, so that they may not fail to be effective.

The Report alluded to, although the committee were evidently influenced and trammelled by the fact that matters had advanced so far that

alteration would be difficult, is so decidedly opposed to the occupation of the open area in Trafalgar-square by the column, that we do not see how Government can avoid interfering to prevent the miserable result of which they are so clearly forewarned.—The sum and substance of their remarks on this head are to the effect, that they consider a column so situated would have an injurious effect on the National Gallery, by depressing its apparent altitude, and interrupting that point of view which should be least interfered with; that it would render all the surrounding buildings less important, and would not group well with anything in its neighbourhood. That as approached from Whitehall, as seen at the termination of this grand avenue, which forms one of the principal entrances of the metropolis, the column will cut the National Gallery through the centre, and the pedestal of the column will nearly conceal both the portico and the cupola. Further, they are of opinion that the site selected is not a favourable position for the column itself. The committee advert to another point, which is, that the statue of King Charles would not be in a line with the column, and that, from the proximity of the two objects, this defect would not fail to catch the eye. And they arrive at the unavoidable conclusion, that it is UNDESIRABLE THAT THE NELSON COLUMN SHOULD BE PLACED IN THE SITUATION WHICH IS AT PRESENT SELECTED; remarking, "If it is desirable in a great city to suggest the idea of space, and having once obtained space, not to block it up again,—if the general architectural effect of Trafalgar-square, or of the buildings around it, is to be at all considered,—or if, at any time, an equally conspicuous position should be desired for any other monument,—the situation at present selected for the Nelson monument is most unfortunate." To assist the committee in making their report, evidence was received from ten artists of celebrity, and which has been published. Although, for the most part, full of interest, want of space will prevent us from entering on a review of their remarks; suffice it to say, that the majority were strongly of opinion, as all must be, who will take the trouble to examine the site, and raise in fancy a pedestal and shaft of the size proposed, that the column would have a most deteriorating effect on the surrounding buildings.*

Once again, then, and with better hope of success now than heretofore, we urge strongly on the Nelson Committee the impolicy of proceeding with the column (even should not authority interfere, as may be hoped for), in the face of public opinion, and the report of a delegated portion of the House of Commons. As to the money which will be wasted if the foundations that are formed be not used, it is quite ridiculous to speak of it in comparison with the evil that will ensue; an evil too, be it remembered, which will endure not for a month or a year, but probably for centuries, and which will induce, as is ever the case with errors, other and greater evils still. The Portland stone statue of our poor hero, to the absurdity of which we drew attention at some length in the July number of our journal, may escape this last remark, for that, at all events, as Sir Francis Chantrey remarked to the committee, *will not be long in the way*. Alas! for the prospects of the Art in England.

* "The things most in favour of the column are," says the *Literary Gazette*, "that it will be a tolerable screen for a wretched building in the best point of view; make the Insurance-office, the pastrycook's shop, and Macintosh's warehouse, look like huts; convert Morley's hotel into apparently a country inn; cause St. Martin's Church and steeple to sing small; and frighten the lion a-top of Northumberland House 'till it shakes its tail and falls into fits."

FESTIVAL AT ANTWERP

IN HONOUR OF RUBENS.

1840.

Our readers are aware that a Festival has been held by the natives of Antwerp once in every fifty years since the death of their great fellow-townsmen Rubens, and in honour of him whom they delight to call the "Prince of Painters." The recurrence of this period took place last month, and the fête was solemnized accordingly with such ceremonies as seem to have greatly edified and delighted our less exigent neighbours of the Scheldt, however certainly they would have disappointed our own myriads of never-weary sight hunters.

The firing of cannon, the ringing of the Cathedral chimes, and the performance of various musical bands, were among the most obvious accompaniments of these ceremonies; but some, less familiar to the Antwerp people's English visitors were, the celebrated procession of the Giant and Giantess of Antwerp—the decoration of the streets and houses with festoons of flowers—flags, ribbons, et cetera, and a cavalcade of whales and dolphins, which, if not so *artistic* as the occasion might seem to demand, to our own more fastidious apprehensions, was yet mightily relished by the stout-limbed *frauen* and well-developed burghers of the good town itself; and if their visitors took a less ample share in the extacy of *all that*, why so much the worse for them.

The associations of the Bow and the Cross-Bow, the different trades unions, and various musical societies, all dressed in their distinctive costumes, and bearing appropriate banners, proceeded in procession through the principal streets. A grand mass was performed in the Cathedral. The Car of Rubens, a sort of triumphal chariot made after a design by the great artist himself, and filled with mythological personages and young people in the costume of the seventeenth century, was also exhibited. The Place De Meer was adorned with triumphal arches, surmounted by an effigy of the great master, and by those of Jordans, Vandyke, &c. &c.; these, as well as the principal streets of the city being decorated with flowers and trophies of various sorts, gave, together with the fir-trees fixed for the nonce in such places as are not beautified by trees of native growth, an air of much gaiety and life to the city. At night all was illuminated, and that very handsomely; fireworks were exhibited in great profusion; the name of Rubens, appended to one of the balustrades of the Cathedral spire, was also brightly illuminated as night fell, and was conspicuous, whether by night or day, from a great distance around the Cathedral.

A more appropriate ceremony in honour of the occasion, was the distribution of the prizes gained by such pupils of the Royal Academy of Painting in Belgium as have exhibited pictures during the present year in the Antwerp museum. This, being concluded, was followed by a horticultural fête at the Botanic Garden, where a collection of prize dahlias and other autumnal flowers, with the fruits and vegetables of the season, were exhibited. Fêtes were given by the Harmonic Society, by the William Tell Musical Club, and by the St. Cecilia Society—the latter, a fête champêtre, concluded by an illumination, a display of fireworks and a ball. The Flemish Association of Belles Lettres, called "De Hoop," also gave a representation of a Dutch play.

Nor, spite of its reproachful cognomen, did the "lazy Scheldt" refuse to take its appropriate share in the festivities of the moment—a Venetian night scene was the river's contribution to the general joy. Several ships lying at anchor were brilliantly lighted up, and richly adorned with flags and streamers, as was a steam-boat belonging to the London Company,—which last, moving gently about the river, gave to view the many small boats that, rowing up and down the stream, and singing barcarolles very agreeably, did their best to enact such a scene of Venice, as those who did never "swim in a gondola" might be reasonably satisfied withal. For ourselves, we confess that the dark glancing eyes and picturesque attitudes of the gracefully-indolent Venetians were but poorly rendered, to our recollections, by the—but we won't be captious; and, besides, there were forms upon the illuminated banks, and eyes glancing from the many pavilions erected there, that might very well console one for whatever was shining in

the far-away gondolas of Venice, to say nothing of the glorious sky that was smiling above, and that had sent out every one of its stars to take a peep at and add their own fair beauty to the enjoyment of the scene. But we have still the best to tell.

It will be obvious that we allude to the inauguration of the statue, long projected in honour of the great painter, and having its site on a conspicuous point of the handsome quay built along the Scheldt.

The statue itself, which is of bronze, could not be completed in time, and the municipality of Antwerp, unwilling to lose so essential (to us, indeed, the almost only worthy) part of the fête, had commanded a model in coloured plaster to be prepared as a substitute *pro tempore*; but even this was unfortunate, being so much injured in the landing, that many days elapsed before it could be sufficiently repaired to appear; at length, however, it was announced to be ready. The Minister of Public Works, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the Burgomaster of Antwerp, with other authorities and distinguished persons then proceeded to the inauguration. In front of the statue—at that moment concealed by a white veil spangled with stars—were pavilions for the company especially invited. The Scheldt, wearing its best looks, for it was high water, was crowded with ships, and these were gaily adorned with flags and banners. Appropriate speeches were first made by the Minister of Public Works, the Burgomaster, &c. The signal was then given, and the veil was removed amidst the roar of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the voices of several musical societies, united to sing a hymn to the Master, composed for the occasion.

The statue is of colossal size. It stands facing the well-known ferry of the "Tête de Flandres," and being what it is, is sufficiently creditable to the artist. Minute criticism would be idle as to a work designed for a temporary purpose only, or we should be tempted to regret a certain air of restraint in the lower limbs, more especially in the left foot, which has an appearance of vacillation that is anything but re-assuring. On the whole, however, the statue, even in its present state, is a majestic and fine one.

After the inauguration, a ball was given to the inhabitants by the Burgomaster: this took place in the theatre. A dinner was also given to the ministers and the members of the foreign learned societies.

It so happened that the fête of the Queen of the Belgians fell in the midst of these festivities; and as well to do honour to this as to offer homage to their great painter, the governors of the Brussels and Antwerp railway appointed the opening of their "commercial line" for the transmission of goods for that day. This, then, took place among the other ceremonies, in the presence of the different Ministers, the Burgomaster, Governors, &c., and was followed by a public breakfast given by the Municipality. Having once got on the chapter of eating, by the way, we must not forget to announce, that provisions were distributed throughout the fête to whoever chose such largess; while the different fountains of the city ran ale and wine—that of Quentin Matsys, in particular, being an especially favourite "tap."

It will be perceived from our mode of treating this affair, that it has not been without a character of puerility in our eyes; but we have at least kept to the "letter of the law;" we have described the thing with all fairness, as it was; nought extenuating, perhaps, but as certainly avoiding to "set down aught in malice." And now, having performed the essential duty of chanting our own praise, let us turn to the perhaps not much less agreeable occupation of finding fault with what others have done, and ask our contemporary of the *Literary Gazette* how he came to fancy that the accomplished diplomatist—King Charles's knight—the proud "Prince of Painters"—had bestowed his daughter in marriage on our dear old Quentin Matsys, when that estimable friend of his and ours—the love-taught and noble-hearted Blacksmith—to whom all praise and honour—had been quietly slumbering in his grave for we're half afraid to tell him how many years, but some forty to fifty, be the same more or less—seeing the dates are not at hand—before her father was born!—how came our brother, we ask again, to give the lady so inadequate a husband as that?

REVIEWS.

THE QUEEN. [The State Portrait of Her Majesty in the Imperial Dalmatic Robes.] Painter, GEORGE HAYTER, her Majesty's Historical and Portrait Painter. Engraver, H. T. RYALL. Publishers, Hodgson and Graves.

We have more than once written of the exquisite picture of which this print is a copy. It is to our minds infinitely superior to all the other works that profess to represent the sovereign—and is beyond question one of the most effective portraits the British School has, of late years, produced. We know of no single figure that more nearly approaches the grand in Art. All minor helps are very properly excluded; the background is the Abbey wall and pillars, relieved only by a painted window, the light from which is sufficiently subdued. A broad ray of sun passes along the picture; and brings out the figure of the Queen. The eye is at once fixed upon her gracious and intellectual countenance; it is expressive of suavity and dignity; and, although strikingly like, is undoubtedly just such a likeness as a fair and young woman would desire to acknowledge. She is seated on her throne, the crown is on her brow, her right hand holds the sceptre, her robe is that royal one she wears but once, marking the ceremony of her coronation, and the artist has emulated the poet in endowing her face and form with all the characteristics that "best become a queen." Without the smallest departure from truth, he has contrived so to represent her Majesty, that if the richest and most vigorous fancy had supplied the model, it could not have framed a better. Without reference to the subject, the picture is one upon which all persons would delight to look. As a painting, its excellence has been universally admitted; it completely established Mr. Hayter's reputation. He evidently laboured, as he was bound to do, to produce a work that should be worthy of the age and country, and one that must not have failed to be acceptable to the nation as a national record of its sovereign at the most important and interesting moment of her existence. And we remember noting, with exceeding satisfaction, the care that had been taken to finish every minor detail without disturbing the harmony of the whole, or leading away attention from the countenance upon which the interest should concentrate. It was of course a gorgeous painting; masses of bullion and costly jewels were necessarily introduced in abundance; yet the skill of the artist triumphed over this difficulty, and their glitter in no degree interfered to lessen the effect produced by a fine expression and very lovely face. As a likeness, we have said, it is especially striking; if it has been taken in a happy mood, and preserves the most attractive expression, none of her Majesty's subjects will, therefore, complain; and sure we are, that her Majesty herself will not grievously lament so fortunate a circumstance. We confess we rejoice that it is so; it is at all times pleasant to look on the portraiture of a fair woman; and as this print will grace the walls of thousands of our British homes, where every day it will be gazed upon—always we hope with affection and enthusiasm—it is of especial import that the picture should have been marred by no "unwinning" character; that no sensation apart from enjoyment should follow either a glance or a scrutiny. For ourselves, we accept this gift as one of great value; and design to place it where it will be seldom out of our sight. In truth, it is the portraiture of one who is

"Every inch a Queen."

The engraver has done ample justice to the picture; as a work of art it has rarely been surpassed: it is wrought to the highest point;

yet there is nothing like effort apparent in the finish. Mr. Ryall is entitled to very high praise for the manner in which he has performed his task.

We consider this portrait, therefore, as "the National portrait;" and as such do not hesitate to recommend it. As we have hitherto examined none that approach it for excellence, accuracy, or interest, we cannot expect to see one by which it will be surpassed.

THE ART OF NEEDLE-WORK FROM THE EARLIEST AGES; INCLUDING SOME NOTICES OF THE ANCIENT HISTORICAL TAPESTRIES. Edited by the Countess of Wilton. Colburn, Publisher, London.

For a brief period of time the easel was subordinate to the loom and the needle, and some of the most sublime creations of genius, of which the world has had to boast, were called into being to aid the prevailing taste. This has long since passed away; nevertheless the history of needlework and tapestry, forming as it does one portion of the history of art generally, and assisting to display the state of public taste at different epochs, falls immediately within our province, and, indeed, calls upon all those who interest themselves in these particulars for especial consideration. We have, therefore, no hesitation in drawing the attention of our readers to the amusing little volume named at the head of this notice; for therein its right honourable author has gathered together the greatest number of valuable facts, amusing anecdotes, and historical references, touching "stitchery and 'broidery," ever yet assembled; some of the most interesting portions of which relate to that period when tapestry was so generally used as a means of decoration, and

"When, round about, the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty."

The book is unequally written (so much so, as to induce a belief that more hands than one have been employed upon it), but, nevertheless, presents in the whole one of the most agreeable blendings of judicious research, kind feeling, antiquarian learning, and feminine elegance, which we know of.

Tapestry-weaving, it seems, was introduced into England as early as the fourteenth century, but has left few results of a date previous to the reign of James I. That monarch made the tapestry manufactory at Mortlake (in which Francis Cleyne was employed to design), an object of much interest, and King Charles continued his countenance to it.

"The most superb hangings," says our author, "were wrought here after the designs of distinguished painters; and Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Whitehall, St. James's, Nonsuch, Greenwich, and other royal seats, and many noble mansions, were enriched and adorned by its productions. In the first year of his reign, Charles was indebted £6000 to the establishment for three suits of gold tapestry. Five of the Cartoons were wrought here, and sent to Hampton Court, where they still remain. A suit of hangings, representing the Five Senses, executed here, was in the palace at Ostlands, and was sold in 1649 for £270. Rubens sketched eight pieces in Charles I.'s reign for tapestry, to be woven here, of the history of Achilles, intended for one of the royal palaces. William, Archbishop of York and Lord Keeper, paid Sir Francis Crane £2500 for the Four Seasons. At Knowl, in Kent, was a piece of the same tapestry wrought in silk, containing the portraits of Vandyck, and Sir Francis himself."

Concerning the Cartoons of the divine Raffaele, painted under the directions of Pope Leo X., in order that hangings might be woven from them to ornament the apartments of the Vatican, much interesting information is compiled. They were originally twenty-five in number; two sets of them were executed at Arras, at a cost of 70,000 crowns, both of which experienced many changes of fortune. The originals, the Cartoons themselves, remained in the Netherlands, and, with the exception of seven, afterwards purchased by Charles I., and

now at Hampton Court, were destroyed by time and accident. Charles's chief object in buying them, it would seem, was to use them for designs at the Mortlake manufactory, where several of them, as before mentioned, were ultimately woven.

While on the subject of tapestry, it may be remarked, that in the notice of the celebrated 'Toile de St. Jean,' at Bayeux, two errors occur. The width of the tapestry is nineteen inches, not twenty feet, as stated; and it is kept not at Rouen, but in the Hotel de Ville at Bayeux.

We now come to a brief notice of the style of modern embroidery in England, which we should be right glad to see placed in a higher position with regard to art than it at present holds, although we are bound to say that a very great improvement has been made in it within the last two or three years, and that individuals are not wanting who are prepared to advance it as fast as the taste of the worsted-working public becomes prepared to receive an elevation of style. According to the author of the work before us, Berlin patterns, of which so many are used in England, and among which are found Landseer's 'Bolton Abbey' and his 'Distinguished Fellow of the Humane Society,' were little known in England 'till 1831, in which year they fell under the notice of Mr. Wilks, of Regent-street:

"He immediately purchased all the good designs he could procure, and also made large purchases, both of patterns and materials, direct from Berlin, and thus laid the foundation of the trade in England. Afterwards, by inducing French artists, educated for this peculiar branch of design, to accompany him, he succeeded in establishing in England this elegant art."

Now, this praise, great as it is, we have reason to know does not go far enough. The individual alluded to not having rested satisfied with being the first to import and receive, but having endeavoured with artist-like feeling to raise the character of the designs and improve the taste of those for whom they are provided. We have lately seen a series of panels, for example, of large size, for the decoration of a dining-room, designed at his establishment, and which seems to be the commencement of a new epoch in art. Mr. Wilks, by his endeavours, has opened a new means of subsistence, where it is much needed, namely, for a multitude of women; and even for this alone deserves fully our most earnest applause. We look, too, for a great improvement in the style of needle-work from his endeavours. The difficulty with which piracy of a design can be prevented even now, notwithstanding the new Act, is the greatest obstacle in the way of his success.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE GREAT MASTERS; dedicated by command to HER MAJESTY. London: Published by Colnaghi and Puckle, and Ackermann & Co.; Edinburgh: Alexander Hill. Part I.

This publication is one eminently deserving of encouragement, as much on account of the very high character of the works, of which as stated in the prospectus it is intended to consist, as for its own intrinsic excellence. The truth of this observation will be at once conceded when we say the materials from which the collection is principally to be derived are the immortal works of Raffaele, Da Vinci, Guido, Poussin, Rubens, and Claude; besides a numerous host of others, little, if at all, inferior to those master minds, and who, by their genius, have to no small extent assisted in throwing that radiance over the empire of Pictorial Art, the brilliancy of which has been and still continues to be the theme of universal admiration.

A work of this nature was much wanted. Correct engravings of the principal works of those great masters, whose fame is co-extensive with the diffusion of civilization and refinement

throughout the world, are procured with much difficulty, and at great expense; and when procured there is such a want of uniformity in size and general appearance as makes them as a collection unsightly to the eye of taste, and renders their proper preservation a matter nearly as difficult as was the original acquisition of them. These disadvantages will be to a great extent removed by this present publication, which brings those works readily within reach of all admirers of Art in a uniform shape and at a moderate cost. Each plate is accompanied by a well written critical notice of the status and peculiar excellencies of the painter, together with an ample and satisfactory account of the picture: the first part contains three plates beautifully engraved, viz:—'Taking down from the Cross,' after Rubens' celebrated picture in the cathedral at Antwerp, engraved by H. Haig; 'Landscape with Cattle—Evening,' after Claude, by W. Forrest; and the admirable subject of 'Christ's Charge to Peter,' after Raffaele, by Alexander T. Aikman. The first named of these subjects is rendered with a depth of effect, truth of drawing, and sparkling vigour, rarely to be seen and hardly to be excelled. The execution of the engraving is characterised by the skilful adaptation of the engraver's materials in representing variety of texture and colour; rather than in producing by means of mechanical delicacy and extreme patience, that soft and somewhat feeble effect, seemingly too much the rage at present, where in many instances excessive labour is productive of little else than—to coin a phrase—rendering the work *engraveresque*. Notwithstanding these remarks, however, this plate of Mr. Haig's, for delicacy of touch and high finish, will favourably bear a comparison with any of the engravings of the day; although his name is as yet little known to the public, we are mistaken if this achievement do not alter the state of matters in that respect; at all events it ought to do so. Of Mr. Forrest's high talents as a landscape engraver we have formerly had occasion to speak, and need hardly say more now, than that he has fully maintained the favourable opinion we have already expressed of him, and can only add that as he has in the present instance had a very fine subject to treat, he has concentrated all his energies to do justice to its merits. Raffaele's 'Christ's Charge to Peter,' it is a highly creditable work, and one of great promise; the drapery in particular is managed with much skill and artistic feeling.

Altogether the work is brought out in a manner every way suitable to the lofty pretensions of its title, and is decidedly honourable to its spirited proprietor, who has been ably seconded in his efforts; and who, by his enthusiasm in so worthy an undertaking, has laid the admirers of the truly great in art under the deepest obligation. We trust that in their appreciation of the work he will find the surest gratification and the highest praise: he certainly deserves the best thanks of the public generally, and of print collectors in particular, and if they refuse to render them, the shame and the fault, as well as the disadvantage, will be their own. We consider it both in design and execution one of the most splendid works of art ever produced in this or any country.

THE ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS OF WATTEAU; collected from his Works, and Lithographed by W. NICHOL. Edinburgh, W. NICHOL. ACKERMAN, London.

This work may be made exceedingly useful in introducing a better taste among the "house decorators;" and also as valuable references to illustrators of books. To the former class, more especially, it may be strongly recommended. Our wealthy merchants are too prone to deliver up their dwellings for embellishment to men,

who know as little of art as they do of Sanscrit. If the evil cannot be altogether removed, it may be in part; and if the professors-decotive would consult a publication like this, following it exactly, instead of their own weak imaginings, so many gilded blots on houses would not be perpetrated. The work, however, has higher claims to consideration: to designers of all classes it is a most desirable acquisition; and though published in a very neat and tasteful manner, it is so cheap as to be within the reach of all.

THE FLORIST'S JOURNAL. Publishers, Hayward and Home. Nos. 3, 4, 5.

We have so frequently observed upon the advantages that result from a knowledge of the graceful and beautiful science of Floriculture, that we offer cheerful testimony in favour of the continuation of this cheap and pretty publication. "The Florist's Journal" gives twenty-two pages of useful information, conveyed in a manner both simple and concise, illustrated by a coloured engraving, and one or more well executed wood cuts, for the small sum of sixpence. This alone is sufficient to ensure it an extensive circulation; but when we add that the information is judiciously adapted to the coming months—that notices of flower exhibitions are given—and that every "novelty" is figured and described, we are certain our fair readers will thank us for making its character better known to them—and that many of them will order it forthwith.

FINDEN'S ROYAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART. Part VI.

The sixth number of this admirable and valuable work is advertised in our columns: it will be our pleasant duty to review it next month. Our present object is to direct towards it the attention of our readers, in the hope of extending the knowledge, and consequently the circulation of one of the most meritorious publications of the age and country.

The sixth part will contain prints after pictures by Landseer, Newton, and Calcott; but among those announced as "forthcoming," we notice the names of Douglas Cowper, Redgrave, Fraser, Witherington, MacLise, Hilton (the "Peter delivered from Prison,") and C. Landseer, in addition to those artists who have already "figured" in the Gallery. We earnestly hope the work is as successful as we know it ought to be.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article on "Mystery" is unsuited to our pages. "A Canvass-stainer."—The New Society of Painters in Water-Colours is "exclusive," like the Old. The Society of British Artists is not so; any artist may send a picture for exhibition; but, we believe, a small fee is required from each: whether this fee is to be paid on sending, or only on the acceptance of a picture, we cannot say. We beg to thank our correspondent for his courtesy, and shall gladly forward his object.

"A Friend to the Arts."—Our copy of the Art-Union prizes was printed from the published list; we have not one by us to compare with; but we can scarcely imagine that the mistakes referred to can have been made.

"William."—It is very difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain the precise times at which the Provincial Exhibitions open. We go as near the mark as we can. A correspondent wishes the whole of our number to be printed in large type; he should bear in mind how much matter must in that case be omitted.

We are not conscious of having ever quoted Scripture "thoughtlessly;" sure we are that we would not wilfully do so.

Our mind is by no means settled in reference to the propriety of opening exhibitions on Sundays; good might arise out of it; but it certainly might lead the way to much less innocent interferences with Sabbath duties.

"An Amateur" complains that one of the porters at the National Gallery "presumptuously requested him not to point with a pencil at the works exhibited."

We shall take care of our friend at Caernarvon. Fine weather with him!

EASTERN INSTITUTION, COMMERCIAL ROAD.—NOW OPEN. The Second Annual Exhibition of the Works of Modern Artists at the above Institution, open Daily, from Ten till Dusk, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Evenings, from 7 till 10. Brilliantly lighted with Gas.—Admission, 1s. Catalogues, 6d.
E. D. GEARING, Secretary.

THE WELLINGTON GALLERY of PICTURES — NOW OPEN, from Half-past One to Six o'clock, in the COSMORAMA ROOMS, 209, REGENT-STREET.—Contains the portrait of a Venetian general, by Tintoretto, painted about 300 years ago; an exact likeness of the Duke of Wellington (now lithographing for publication); also, four undoubted originals, by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti; and others by Raffaele, Correggio, Titian, the Caracci, Claude, Dominichino, Murillo, &c. Also, now open, from Ten to One o'clock, the Napoleon, &c. Gallery of Pictures, Maddox-street, opposite St. George's Church, containing two paintings of Napoleon, taken by Appiani and General Bertrand, after the Battle of Lodi; and likewise a large collection of pictures, many of them of the highest class, by the great ancient (and a few by the modern) masters. Admission to both Galleries, 1s. Catalogues, 6d; and with appendix, 1s.—N.B. These paintings, a great part of which are just arrived from Italy, are for sale (on the principles of the Orleans and Lucca Galleries), and amongst them will be found many originals, and not mock Raffaelles, &c., as the 'Spectator' (of August 1), &c., have notified, are to be found in other collections. The editors of periodicals, painters, and picture-dealers, admitted free.

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T. H. KEY, Dean of the Faculty of Arts.

28th August, 1840. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

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